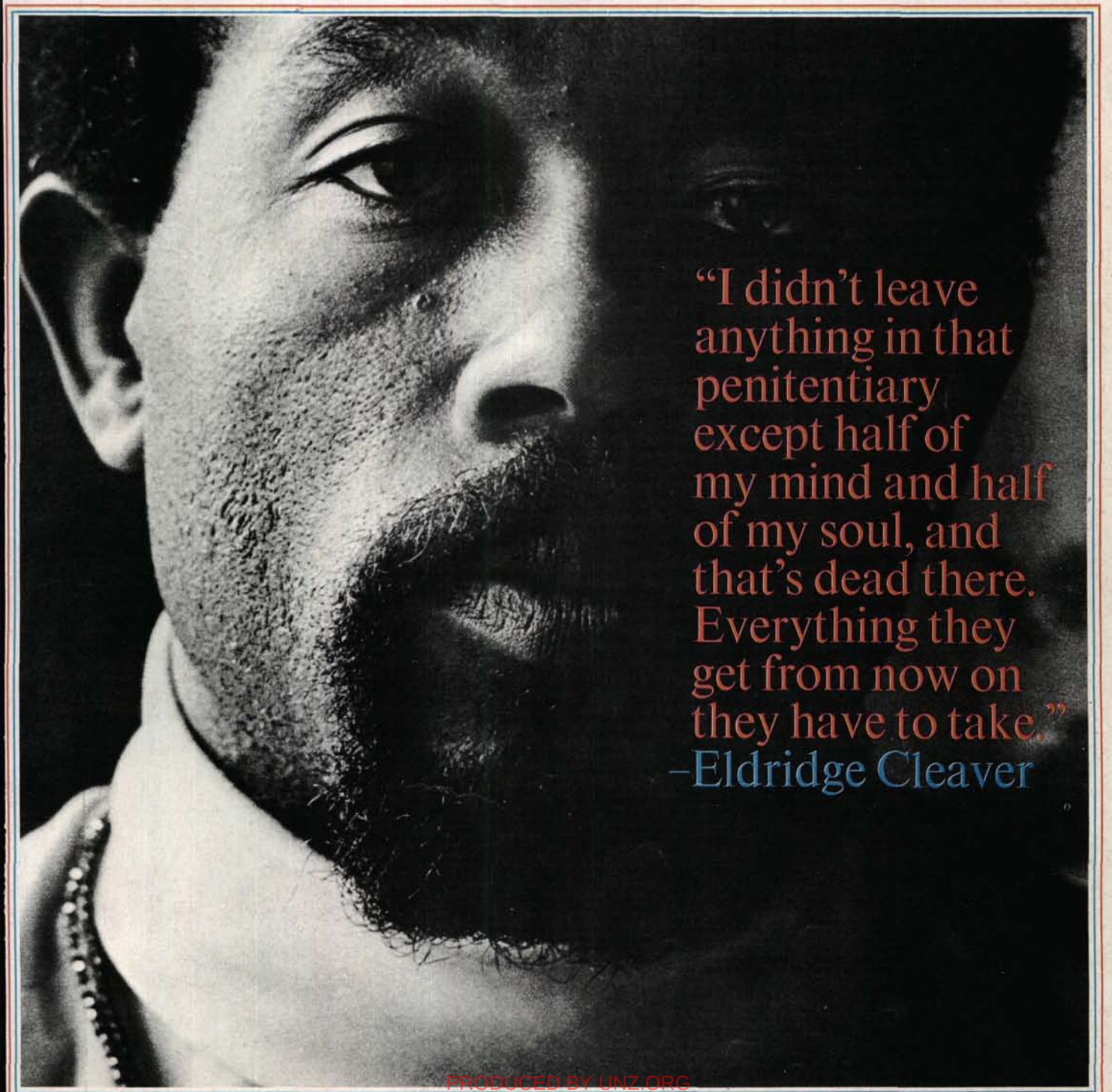
December 14-28: In this issue we investigate the crack-up of a college, how to make poverty profitable, Cuba's surprising 'pop art,' Onassis, Nixon, Cardinal O'Boyle, Ben Shahn's defense of chaos, and orgasms. 75¢

Ramparts


"I didn't leave anything in that penitentiary except half of my mind and half of my soul, and that's dead there. Everything they get from now on they have to take."
–Eldridge Cleaver

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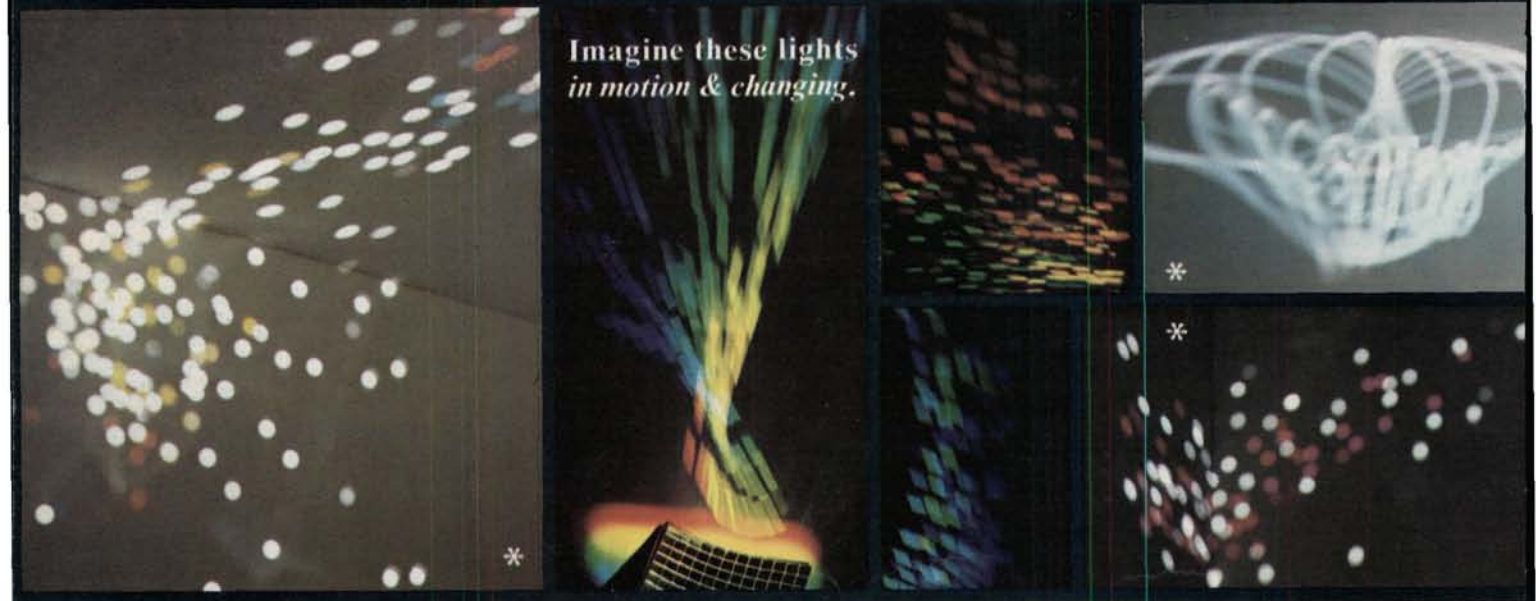

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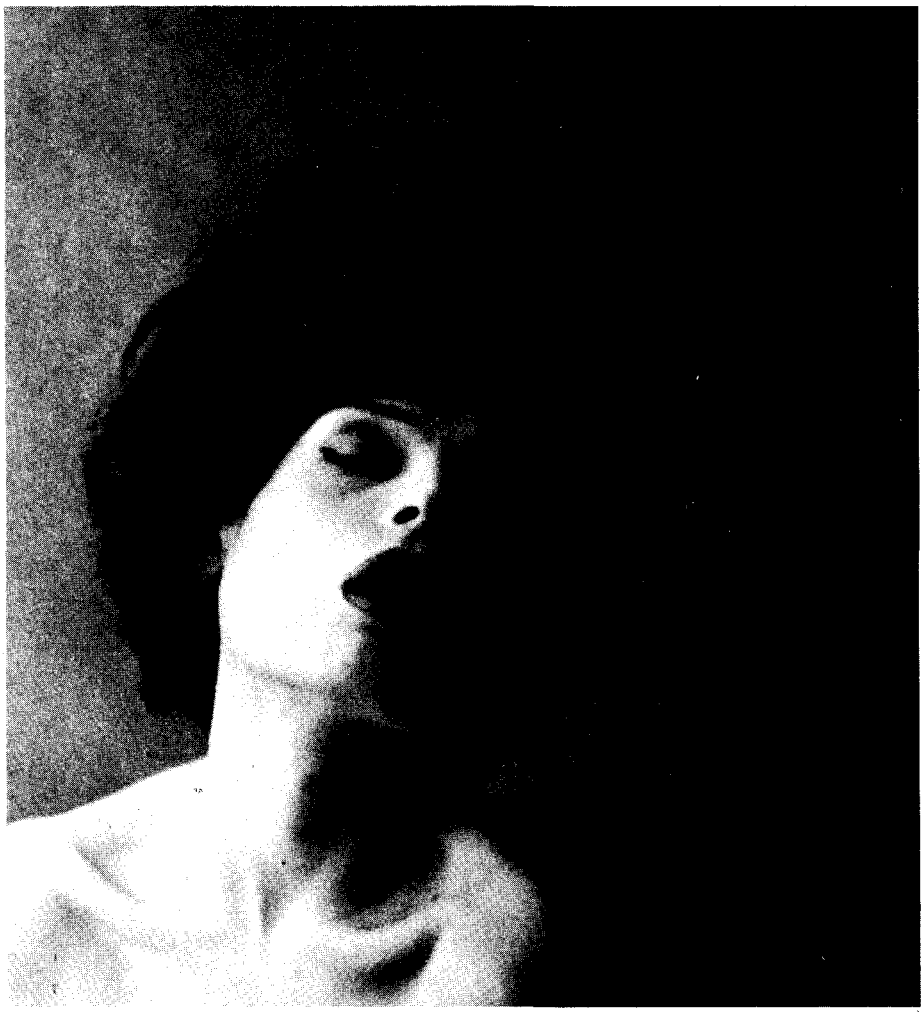

Satisfied

Pictured above is a subscriber to **Avant-Garde**, the new bimonthly magazine. The lady has just finished reading her latest issue and, as usual, she's satisfied.

Small wonder. Reading **Avant-Garde** is quite an experience. It is total immersion in sensual pleasure. A graphic arts freak-out. Rolling nude in the snow after a sauna. A first bite of cotton candy. Dalliance in a garden of earthly delights. Somersaulting down Main Street. Love on a mink blanket. A waft of frankincense and myrrh. The tinkling of wind chimes. A kiss in an elevator. An orgasm of the mind.

What makes **Avant-Garde** such a carnival of the senses? How does it differ from other magazines? The answer is threefold:

First of all, there's **Avant-Garde**'s editorial policy. No other magazine pursues a policy of such *complete and absolute freedom of creative expression*. **Avant-Garde** steadfastly refuses to sacrifice creative genius on the altar of "morality" (the motto of the magazine is "Down with bluenoses, blue laws, and blue pencils"). America's writers, artists, and photographers appreciate this and bring to **Avant-Garde** the works they know other publications lack the courage to print. Thus **Avant-Garde** serves—consistently—as a showcase for the novella that is "too daring," the poem that is "too sensuous," the cartoon that is "too satirical," the reportage that is "too graphic," the opinion that is "too candid," the photograph that is "too explicit." **Avant-Garde** is proud of its reputation as the National Liberation Front of American arts and letters.

Second, **Avant-Garde** devastates readers with its mind-blowing beauty. It brings to the printed page a transcendental new kind of high. This is achieved through a combination of pioneering printing methods and the inspiration of Lennart Anderssen, **Avant-Garde**'s Creative Director (who is, incidentally, the world's foremost graphic designer).

Third, **Avant-Garde** is distinguished by the awesome talent of its contributors. No other magazine can boast such an impressive roster of artists, writers, and photographers. Not only does **Avant-Garde** feature works by such acknowledged masters as Picasso, Dali, Avedon, Miller, Mailer, Ginsberg, Tynan, Roald Dahl, Rexroth, Updike, David Levine, Leonard Baskin, Bert Stern, Genet, Beckett, Sartre, Burroughs, Yevtushenko, Warhol, *et al.*, but, perhaps more important, it hunts down the wild cats who will be the literary lions of tomorrow.

In short, **Avant-Garde** is a magazine prepared by the avant-garde for the avant-garde. It's the banner of the enlightened minority.

Subscriptions to **Avant-Garde** are not cheap. They can't be. **Avant-Garde** is extremely costly to produce. It is printed by time-consuming sheet-fed gravure and offset lithography on the finest antique and coated papers. It is bound in 12-point Frankote boards for permanent preservation. It more closely resembles an expensive art folio than a magazine. Ordinarily, subscriptions to **Avant-Garde** sell for $10 per year.

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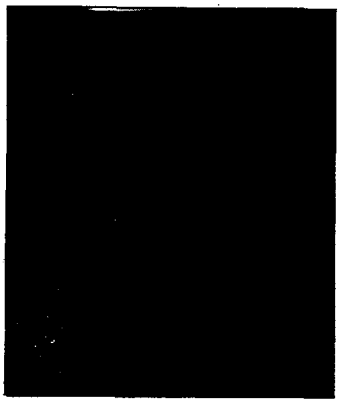
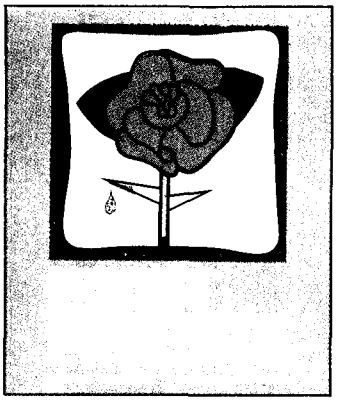
Leading Articles:



[Page 6] Cleaver

[Page 19] S.F. State



[Page 32] Cuba's Art

[Page 40] Litton

Apologia:

IF YOU ACCEPT RAMPARTS and accept the spurious efficacy of statistical information, then this gossip is for you.

It represents partial early returns from the ace do-it-yourself survey of just who our people are and what they do, and other prying questions.

Upwards of 2000 readers have taken pen or whatever in hand and supplied some answers, which is in itself an indication of some order of intelligence, since this was no cut-around-the-idiot-dotted-line deal of the postage-paid, self-addressed envelope world. People had to fend for themselves, look up RAMPARTS' address, find an envelope and a stamp, and generally conduct themselves efficiently and rationally.

If you would like to know a little about yourself, average-wise, you are, like it or not, 25-30; an atheist; married, with two kids; own a TV set; a Democrat; live in an apartment; make about $14,000 a year (students excepted); live in a large Eastern city; drive a Volkswagen or a Chevrolet; have traveled at least once outside the United States; buy 20 to 30 books and about a dozen records a year; if you work, you are a teacher or other educated professional; lend your tattered copy of RAMPARTS to around three other people to read; if you subscribe, you have been a subscriber for an average of a year-and-a-half; if you pick it up on the newsstand, have been doing so off and on for at least a year; and besides RAMPARTS, you read the Saturday Review, the New Republic, Time, the New York Review of Books, Newsweek, Psychology Today, and Look.

Not bad for a "New Left" magazine.

We will add all this up, eventually, and then let you know, statistically, what obtains.

Opposite are two typical responses in case you would like to peek:

[OUR CENSUS]

1. Are you a subscriber to RAMPARTS? If yes, how long? No
2. If you buy RAMPARTS on the newsstand, how long have you been regularly—or occasionally—buying it? Regularly, 1½ years
3. What sex are you, and how old? Female, 19
4. State if you are single, married, divorced or remarried, and how many children. Married & Separated
5. What do you do for a living, if anything? Secretary, NUDE MODEL
6. How much do you make a year? (If husband & wife are both working, state combined income.) God knows
7. In what city do you live? Los Angeles
8. Do you own your home or live in an apartment? Say which. Apartment
9. What magazines besides RAMPARTS do you read regularly? Psych. Today, Realist
10. How many people aside from yourself would you guess read your RAMPARTS? 2 or 3
11. Have you ever traveled outside the United States? Infrequently or occasionally? Yes, Europe, Mexico Often
12. Approximately how many books do you buy each year? 20
13. Approximately how many records? 10
14. If you own a car(s), what make and model? '56 VW, '68 Yamaha (cycle)
15. Do you own a television set? No
16. In what political party are you registered? If none, say so. None
17. What church do you attend? If none, say what you were brought up as, if anything. Church of My Soul, Yoga, Vedanta

[OUR CENSUS]

1. Are you a subscriber to RAMPARTS? If yes, how long? SUBSCRIPTION ENCLOSED
2. If you buy RAMPARTS on the newsstand, how long have you been regularly—or occasionally—buying it? YEAR +
3. What sex are you, and how old? MALE
4. State if you are single, married, divorced or remarried, and how many children. SEPARATED - 3 KIDS
5. What do you do for a living, if anything? DIRECT MARKETING OF SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS
6. How much do you make a year? (If husband & wife are both working, state combined income.) $ 35,000
7. In what city do you live? PRINCETON, N.J.
8. Do you own your home or live in an apartment? Say which. OWN HOME & RENT APT. (UGH!)
9. What magazines besides RAMPARTS do you read regularly? NEW YORKER, N.Y. TIMES SUNDAY, SCIENCE, LOOK AT TIME - THE WEEKLY HUMOR MAG
10. How many people aside from yourself would you guess read your RAMPARTS? 1 OR 2 OTHERS
11. Have you ever traveled outside the United States? Infrequently or occasionally? BUSINESS TRIPS TWICE A YEAR TO EUROPE
12. Approximately how many books do you buy each year? 60 AT LEAST !
13. Approximately how many records? 25-30
14. If you own a car(s), what make and model? '64 AND '68 PLYMOUTH STATION WAGONS
15. Do you own a television set? YES
16. In what political party are you registered? If none, say so. DEMOCRAT
17. What church do you attend? If none, say what you were brought up as, if anything. NONE NOW - JEWISH

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The following is an address given by ELDRIDGE CLEAVER at a rally in his honor given a few days before he was scheduled to return to jail.

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY. Kind of stuck for words tonight. I don't know whether this is a hello or a goodbye. I talked to my parole officer today, and he told me that on Wednesday the 27th he wanted me to call him up about 8:30 in the morning, so he could tell me where to meet him so he could transport me to San Quentin. They want to have a parole revocation hearing, and I guess they think they have a right to do that. They certainly are proceeding as though they have a right. Having had some experience with them, I know that when they have you in their clutches, they proceed with what they want to do whether they have a right or not.

A lot of people don't know anything about the prison system. I think they make the same mistake looking at prison [continued]

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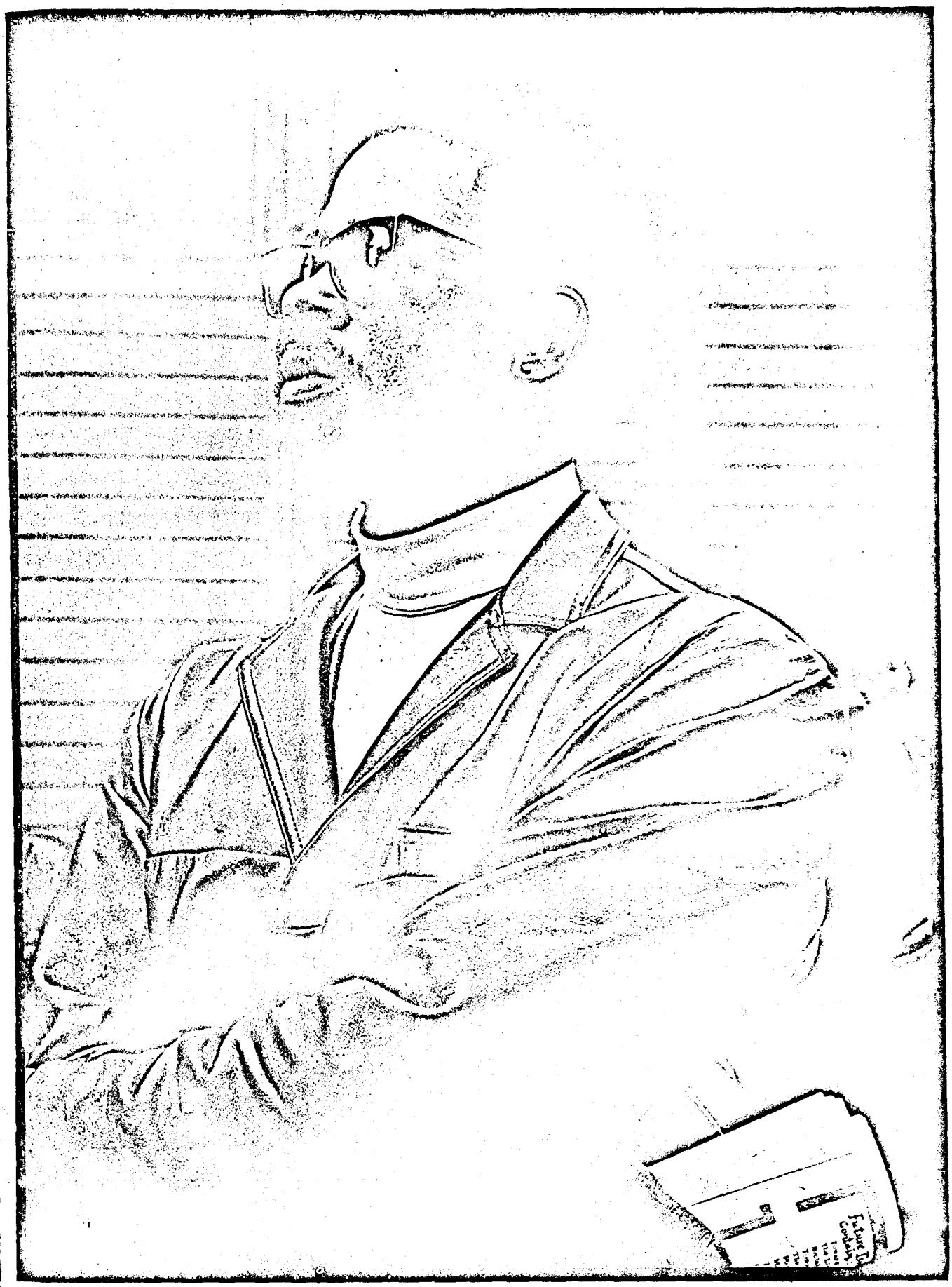

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officials as they do with cops: they think that in some sense they are guardians of the law; that they're there to protect society, and everything they say is the truth; that there's nothing wrong with what they're into, and nothing wrong with what they're doing. Well, I know. Not so much in my own case, but from the cases of others that I've observed in the various prisons in the State of California. There are a whole lot of people behind those walls who don't belong there. And everybody behind those walls is being subjected to programs that are not authorized, nor related to the reasons for which they were sent there.

Rehabilitation in the State of California is less than a bad joke. I don't even know how to relate to that word, "rehabilitation." It presupposes that at one time one was "habilitated," and that somehow he got off the right track and was sent to this garage, or repair shop, to be dealt with and then released. Rehabilitated, and placed back on the right track. Well, I guess that the right track has to be this scene out here: the free world. Convicts call us out here the "free world." After you're behind those walls for a while, I guess it starts looking like the Garden of Eden. They can't see all of the little conflicts that are going on out here. Alioto [San Francisco Mayor Joseph Alioto] doesn't look as much like Al Capone from that distance. That's right. Al Capone, Alioto—Big Al. Alley-oop Oto. You know. People yearn, people *yearn*, behind those walls, to return to the free world. To return to society. To be free, and not to be returned to the penitentiary.

Now, when I went into the penitentiary I made a decision. I took a long hard look at myself and I said, well, you've been walking this trip for a little too long, you're tired of it. It's very clear that what you had going for yourself before you came in was not adequate. While you're here you're going to have to work with yourself, deal with yourself, so that when you get out of here you're going to stay out. Because it was pretty clear to me that that was my last go-round, that I could not relate to prison any more. So I guess I developed something of a social conscience. I decided to come out here and work with social problems, get involved with the Movement and make whatever contribution I possibly could. When I made that decision, I thought that the parole authorities would be tickled pink with me, because they were always telling me to do exactly that. They would tell me I was selfish. They would ask me why I didn't start relating to other people, and looking beyond the horizons of myself.

So I did that, you know. And I just want to tell you this. I've had more trouble out of parole officers and the Department of Corrections simply because I've been relating to the Movement than I had when I was committing robberies, rapes and other things that I didn't get caught for. That's the truth. If I was on the carpet for having committed a robbery, well, there would be a few people up-tight about that. But it seemed to be localized. It didn't seem to affect the entire prison system or the entire parole board. They didn't even seem to have much time to discuss it, you know. They run you through their meetings very, very briefly. You feel that your case is not even being considered. But I know that now my case is constantly on their desks, and my parole officer doesn't have very much to do except keep track of me. He wants to know where I go, how much money I make each month, where I'm living, when I'm going to go out of town, phone him up when I get back to town, and ask his permission to do this and that.

THERE'S SOMETHING MORE DANGEROUS about attacking the pigs of the power structure verbally than there is in walking into the Bank of America with a gun and attacking it forthrightly. Bankers hate armed robbery, but someone who stands up and directly challenges their racist system, that drives them crazy. I don't know if there are any bankers in the audience tonight, but I hope that there are. I hope that there's at least one, or a friend of one, or somebody who will carry the message to one. And I hope particularly that there's one here from the Bank of America. I heard today on the news that brother Cesar Chavez has declared war on the Bank of America. The Bank of America is Alioto's bank. My wife told me this evening that she received a phone call from the Bank of America saying that they were going to repossess our car because we were three months behind in our payments. That's not true, but I wished that I had never paid a penny for it. I wished that I could have just walked onto that lot and said, "Stick 'em up, motherfucker! I'm taking this." Because that's how I felt about it. That's how I feel about it now. I don't relate to this system of credit—see it now, take it home, pay later . . . but make sure you pay.

It was only out of consideration for the atmosphere that I would need in order to do the other things I wanted to do that I didn't rip it off. Or that I haven't walked into the Bank of America. Or that I haven't walked into any other establishment and repossessed the loot that they have in there. So I don't know what they expect from me, see? I haven't committed any crimes. I don't feel there's a need for rehabilitation. I don't feel the need of going back to Dirty Red's penitentiary. Warden Nelson? [Warden of San Quentin] The prison guards call him Big Red, but the convicts call him Dirty Red. He's sitting over there across the bay and he's waiting for me, because we have a little history of friction. He doesn't like me. My parole officer doesn't like me. He tells the newspaper writers, "Yeah, I think he's a real nice fellow. I think he's made an excellent adjustment. If it wasn't for this particular indictment brought against him, I'd be perfectly willing to have him as my parolee from now on." Yet if you go down to the parole department and ask them to let you see my file, you will find just one charge against me, other than those lodged against me in Alameda County, which are yet to be adjudicated. I haven't gone to trial for those. I have pleaded "Not Guilty" to them. The one legitimate charge they have is "failing to cooperate with the parole agent."

The first time I saw that, I couldn't understand what it meant, because I bent over backwards to cooperate with that punk. So I asked him, "Just what does that mean? What's the substance of that?" Now this is going to really surprise you. He said, "Do you remember when you went to New York to tape the David Susskind Show?" I said, "Yes, I remember doing that."

"Remember I told you that when you got back you should give me a phone call and let me know you were back in town?"

"Yes, and I did that, didn't I?"

"No, you didn't do it. That's against the rules."

And that's the only thing that they have in my file that is even debatable. All the other things that they are hostile towards me for, they can't put in the files because it's against the law. It's contrary to the Constitution and they would be ashamed to write it down on paper and place it in my file. They probably have another file that they smuggle around between

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them. But they cannot come out and tell you one thing that I've done that would justify returning me to the penitentiary.

I just have to say that I didn't leave anything in that penitentiary except half of my mind and half of my soul, and that's dead there. I have no use for it. It's theirs. They can have that. That's my debt to them. That's my debt to society, and I don't owe them a motherfucking thing! They don't have anything coming. Everything they get from now on, they have to take! I believe that our time has come. A point has been reached where a line just has to be drawn, because the power structure of this country has been thoroughly exposed. There is no right on their side. We know that they're moving against people for political purposes.

There's a favorite line of mine. It says that there is a point where fortune ends and cowardice begins. Everybody is scared of the pigs, of the power structure. The people have reason to be concerned about them because they have these gestapo forces that they issue orders to. They come in with their clubs and their guns, and they will exterminate you, if that's what it takes to carry out the will of their bosses.

I don't know how to go about waiting until people start practicing what they preach. I don't know how to go about waiting on that. Because all I see is a very critical situation, a chaotic situation where there's pain, there's suffering, there's death, and I see no justification for waiting until tomorrow to say what you could say tonight. I see no justification for waiting until other people get ready. I see no justification for not moving even if I have to move by myself. I think of my attitude towards these criminals—my parole officer included—who control the prison system, who control the parole board. I can't reconcile things with them because for so long I've watched them shove shit down people's throats. I knew there was something wrong with the way that they were treating people. I knew that by no stretch of the imagination could that be right. It took me a long time to put my finger on it, at least to my own satisfaction. And after seeing that they were the opposite of what they were supposed to be, I got extremely angry at them. I don't want to see them get away with anything. I want to see them in the penitentiary. They belong in there because they've committed so many crimes against the human rights of the people. They belong in the penitentiary!

WHEN YOU FOCUS ON THE adult penitentiaries, you're looking at the end of the line, trying to see where a process begins. But if you really want to understand and see what's behind the prison system, you have to look at Juvenile Hall. You have to go down to Juvenile Hall. That's where I started my career, at about the age of twelve, for some charge. I don't know what it was, vandalism. I think I ripped off a bicycle, maybe two or three bicycles. Maybe I had a bicycle business, I don't remember. But it related to bicycles. They took me to Juvenile Hall, and it took me about six months to get out again. While I was there I met a lot of people. I met a lot of *real*, *nice*, *groovy* cats who were very active, very healthy people, who had stolen bicycles and things like that. Then I moved up the ladder from Juvenile Hall to Whittier Reform School for youngsters. I graduated from there with honors and went to another one a little higher, Preston School of Industries. I graduated from that one and they jumped me up to the big leagues, to the adult penitentiary system.

I noticed that every time I went back to jail, the same guys who were in Juvenile Hall with me were also there again. They arrived there soon after I got there, or a little bit before I left. They always seemed to make the scene. In the California prison system, they carry you from Juvenile Hall to the old folks' colony, down in San Luis Obispo, and wait for you to die. Then they bury you there, if you don't have anyone outside to claim your body, and most people down there don't. I noticed these waves, these generations. I had a chance to watch other generations that came behind me, and I talked with them. I'd ask them if they'd been in jail before. You will find graduating classes moving up from Juvenile Hall, all the way up. It occurred to me that this was a social failure, one that cannot be justified by any stretch of the imagination. Not by any stretch of the imagination can the children in the Juvenile Halls be condemned, because they're innocent, and they're processed by an environment that they have no control over.

If you look at the adult prisons, you can't make head or tail out of them. By the time these men get there, they're in for murder, rape, robbery and all the high crimes. But when you look into their pasts, you find Juvenile Hall. You have to ask yourself, why is there not in this country a program for young people that will interest them? That will actively involve them and will process them to be healthy individuals and lead a healthy life. Until someone answers that question for me, the only attitude I can have towards the prison system, including Juvenile Hall, is tear those walls down and let those people out of there. That's the only question. How do we tear those walls down and let those people *out* of there?

People look at the point in the Black Panther Party program that calls for freedom for all black men and women held in federal, state, county and municipal jails. They find it hard to accept that particular point. They can relate to running the police out of the community, but they say, "Those people in those prisons committed crimes. They're convicted of crimes. How can you even talk about bringing them out? If you did get them out, would you, in the black community, take them and put them on trial and send them back again?" I don't know how to deal with that. It's just no. NO! Let them out and leave them alone! Let them out because they're hip to all of us out here now. Let them out. Turn them over to the Black Panther Party. Give them to us. We will redeem them from the promises made by the Statue of Liberty that were never fulfilled. We have a program for them that will keep them active—24 hours a day. And I don't mean eight big strong men in a big conspicuous truck robbing a jive gas station for $75.* When I sit down to conspire to commit a robbery, it's going to be the Bank of America, or Chase Manhattan Bank, or Brinks.

I'VE BEEN WORKING WITH Bobby Seale on the biography of Huey P. Newton. Bob Scheer and I took Bobby Seale down to Carmel-by-the-Sea. But we went away from the sea. We went into a little cabin, and we got a fifth of Scotch, a couple of chasers, a tape recorder and a large stack of blank tapes. We said, "Bobby, take the fifth, and talk about brother Huey P. Newton." And Bobby started

* Two days earlier, eight Panthers had been arrested following a gas station robbery in San Francisco. Charges against five of them have since been dropped.

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talking about Huey. One of the things that just blew my mind was when he mentioned that prior to organizing the Black Panther Party, he and Huey had been planning a gigantic bank robbery. They put their minds to work on that because they recognized that they needed money for the Movement. So they sat down and started trying to put together a key to open the vault. But as they thought about it, they thought about the implications. Bobby tells how one day while they were discussing this, Huey jumped up and said, "Later for a bank. What we're talking about is politics. What we're talking about essentially is the liberation of our people. So later for one jive bank. Let's organize the brothers and put this together. Let's arm them for defense of the black community, and it will be like walking up to the White House and saying, "Stick 'em up, motherfucker. We want what's ours."

So there's a very interesting and a very key connection between insurrection and acts carried out by oneself, a private, personal civil war. We define a civil war as when a society splits down the middle and you have two opposing sides. Does that have to be the definition? Can 5000 people launch a civil war? Can 4000, 3000, two or one? Or one-half of 1000? Or half of that? Can one person? Can one person engage in civil war? I'm not a lawyer. I'm definitely not a judge, but I would say that one person acting alone could in fact be engaged in a civil war against an oppressive system. That's how I look upon those cats in those penitentiaries. I don't care what they're in for—robbery, burglary, rape, murder, kidnap, anything. A response to a situation. A response to an environment. Any social science book will tell you that if you subject people to an unpleasant environment, you can predict that they will rebel against it. That gives rise to a contradiction. When you have a social unit organized in such a way that people are moved to rebel against it in large numbers, how then do you come behind them and tell them that they owe a debt to society? I say that society owes a debt to them. And society doesn't look as though it wants to pay.

There's a young brother over at Juvenile Hall in Alameda County right now by the name of Gregory Harrison. He's about fourteen or fifteen years old and he's the leader of the Black Students Union at Oakland Tech High School. At this moment they have him over there charged with insurrection. They've charged him with insurrection because the Black Students Union on that campus wants black history added to the curriculum. They want an environment created on their campus—not one that will teach black people how to be black, but one that will remove the restraints, so that they can just be themselves, and their blackness will automatically flourish. Like you don't have to teach a rose how to turn red, or teach a tree how to grow leaves. You just leave it alone and don't pour salt on its roots, and it will be a rose, or it will be a tree.

THIS PIGGISH, CRIMINAL SYSTEM. This system that is the enemy of people. This very system that we live in and function in every day. This system that we are in and under at this very moment. *Our* system! Each and every one of your systems. If you happen to be from another country, it's still your system, because the system in your country is part of this. This system is *evil*. It is criminal; it is murderous. And it is in control. It is in power. It is arrogant. It is crazy. And it looks upon the people as its property. So much so that *cops*, who are public servants, feel justified in going onto a campus, a college campus or high school campus, and spraying mace in the faces of the people. They beat people with those clubs, and even shoot people, if it takes that to enforce the will of the likes of Ronald Reagan, Jesse Unruh, or Mussolini Alioto.

Have you ever seen Alioto on television? When you see him will you swear that he doesn't frighten you, or that he doesn't look like Al Capone? Alioto reminds me of convicts that I know in Folsom Prison. And this is not a contradiction. When I speak up for convicts, I don't say that every convict is going to come out here and join the Peace and Freedom Party. I'm not saying that. Or that he would be nice to people out here. I'm not saying that. Yet I call for the freedom of even those who are so alienated from society that they hate everybody. Cats who tattoo on their chest, "Born to Hate," "Born to Lose." I know a cat who tattooed across his forehead, "Born to Kill." He needs to be released also. Because whereas Lyndon B. Johnson doesn't have any tattoos on his head, he has blood dripping from his fingers. LBJ has killed more people than any man who has ever been in any prison in the United States of America from the beginning of it to the end. He has murdered. And people like prison officials, policemen, mayors, chiefs of police, they endorse it. They even call for escalation, meaning, kill more people. I don't want it. The people who are here tonight, because I see so many faces that I recognize, I could say that I know you don't want it either. There's only one way that we're going to get rid of it. That's by standing up and drawing a firm line, a distinct and firm line, and standing on our side of the line, and defending that line by whatever means necessary, including laying down our lives. Not in sacrifice, but by taking pigs with us. Taking pigs with us.

I cannot relate to spending the next four years in the penitentiary, not with madmen with supreme power in their hands. Not with Ronald Reagan the head of the Department of Corrections, as he is the head of every other state agency. Not with Dirty Red being the warden. If they made Dr. Shapiro [San Francisco psychiatrist and long-time supporter of the Panthers] the warden of San Quentin, I'd go right now. But while they have sadistic fiends, mean men, cruel men, in control of that apparatus, I say that my interest is elsewhere. My heart is out here with the people who are trying to improve our environment.

You're even a bigger fool than I know you are if you could go through all of these abstract and ridiculous charges, all of these overt political maneuvers, and think that I'm going to relate to that. Talk all this shit that you want to, issue all the orders that you want to issue. I'm charged with a crime in Alameda County and I'm anxious to go to trial because we can deal with it. We're going to tell the truth, and the pigs are going to have to tell lies and that's hard for them to do, especially when we have with us technicians such as the Honorable Charles R. Garry [Huey Newton's attorney]. I'm not afraid to walk into any courtroom in this land with a lawyer like Garry, because he can deal with the judge and the prosecutor. But don't you come up to me telling me that you're going to revoke my parole on a charge for which I put in nine years behind the walls, and for which I was supposed to receive my discharge next month. Don't you come up to me talking that shit because I don't want to hear it.

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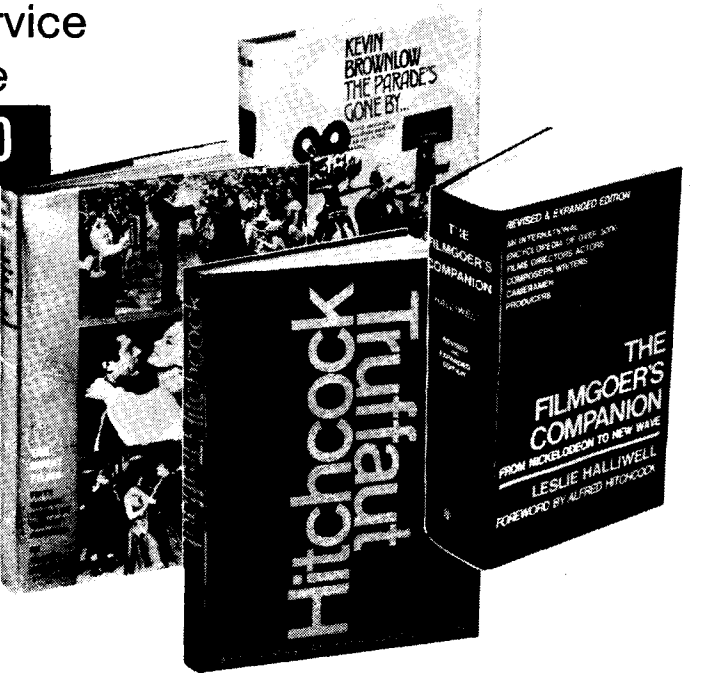

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IN DEFENSE OF CHAOS

[Being an Address given at the International Design Conference in Aspen]

BY BEN SHAHN

AS A GUEST AND INTERLOPER during the past week of enlightenment, I carry with me a heavy sense of guilt. I have heard and seen my environment being built around me and above my head; I have seen the doors closed and the windows locked. I have faced my diet of plankton; I have seen my linens replaced by paper—all to be well ordered for me by benign and unseen forces . . . and I have said not one word in defense of Chaos!

I love Chaos; it is the mysterious, unknown road. It is the ever-unexpected, the way out; it is freedom; it is man's only hope. It is the poetic element in a dull and ordered world!

I am sure you think that I'm only amusing myself; well, that too, but I am serious. And I would like to communicate to you some little notion of what I conceive Chaos to be, and why I think it is our unsung and uncelebrated friend.

Insofar as I know, Chaos is utterly disallowed by science. The very notion of Chaos runs counter to any acceptable logic. Every object upon which we place our hands is part of some physical order; every object has its evolutionary history and its future existence either of long endurance or of predictable decay. And every part of this process is orderly. Every act of ours and every notion of the mind also has its history of impulses, exposures and connections. And all this is order. The macrocosms and the microcosms obey their proper physical laws. Where, then, is Chaos?

Even as any order of being—including me as an order and you as an order—unfolds through space and time, absorbs and reflects and digests its environment—as any such order pursues its own way, developing its individual shape and form, so are there other such orders, thousands and millions of them unfolding too, wholly independently of each other. All are ordered within themselves and to their environment. But their courses through space and time may be completely unrelated, each one following and making its own rules. The disorderly element, the unpredictable, unforeseeable item, is the moment of impact between two such orders. That is pure accident. It is the moment of Chaos. It may also be an act of Chaos. It may be deliberately undertaken by a conscious individual.

In nature, it is out of such conflicts between orders that the great changes have come about, the geologic upheavals, the earthquakes, the continental and celestial disturbances. In life, the mutations in species have probably been due to such conflicts between orders. In the processes of thinking, the great social changes, the revolutions, the overturns of tradition have been brought about by conflicts in order—between orders.

None of these episodes has any innate quality of being good or bad; they may be either beneficial or harmful to man; if they are sufficiently inexplicable we call them "acts of God."

But within the area of man's life and his thinking there are fierce conflicts of orders, and there is fierce conflict between order and disorder. All such conflicts have what are called "value" aspects. Some prove to have been good; others prove to have been bad, and all claim to be good. . . .

Among the thousand varieties of classification that might be applied to the fierce struggles between order and disorder in the human arena, there is one that I find especially interesting. That is the division—the conflict—between omniscience and/or tyranny on the one hand, and Chaos, or the breaking-out-to-freedom on the other. I have had to name this breaking-out-to-freedom "Chaos" for the simple reason that a break for freedom is always a disruption of established order.

(I am certainly not condemning order as such; we could not live or breathe for a day without it. But neither can I accept it as an unqualified good. Sometimes we cannot breathe within it!)

However generous it may be in its intention, omniscience is a dangerous quality in us. Let us say that a designer has designed a living space so perfect in all its dimensions that no one takes issue with it. It has everything; extreme thoughtfulness and understanding have provided for every one of the

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dweller's needs. There are the conveniences; there is beauty everywhere; there is equipment for ministration to the sick; food is provided, and entertainment; there is paper for the writer and paint for the painter and aphrodisiacs for the poor in spirit. Nothing is wanting. The occupants move around, function smoothly; time glides along.

No one wants to break out of this perfect place; there is no reason to. Through the days and the nights the bolts gradually slide into place along the windows; the locks rust on the doors. All exits, unused as they are, become sealed. But no one actually notices this condition until the ever-restless poet exclaims, "Let's let a little air into this place! I'm suffocating!"

He is roundly condemned. Isn't the place air-conditioned? Who wants the hot, humid outside air? The poet insists; he begins to wrestle with the doorknobs; he tries all the windows. He is a troublemaker, a dissident element. He picks up a chair and throws it through the window and makes his break for freedom. A few people follow but "The Society" stays inside. Not until he comes back with a bouquet of mountain flowers clutched in his hand do the occupants of the living space begin to question their condition. (The planner, through an oversight, had forgotten to install mountain flowers.)

The people go out; they look around themselves—what a heavenly world! They are refreshed; they think of all sorts of things that they can do in the newly-revealed world. They have broken out of the perfect place; they can grow. The poet dies, of course; he has fulfilled himself. He isn't really much mourned, he was such a chaotic element!

I said somewhere before that Chaos is not, even to my mind, an unqualified good; certainly the poet is not the only deliberately chaotic element among us. So is the criminal; and psychologists, omniscient as they are, have frequently aligned the two elements in our society as being essentially the same individual, sharing the same characteristics of temperament.

But there is a difference so profound as to put them at opposite ends of the social scale of good and evil forces. Each one is, within himself, an order, evolved, predetermined and self-determining. The criminal strikes society with the impact of an order—an organism—built around and out of cruelty and hatred. His vision is narrow; he is without compassion. His dreams and images are anti-human. He strikes only against, not in behalf of, the other person.

The poet is motivated—I think almost always—by pro-human visions. These may not be acceptable to the society within the closed room; they may not even be particularly good for it—not necessarily at all. But the poet seeks freedom, fresh air; he has to breathe; he cannot stand suffocation—he cannot be shackled either by bad design or by good design, he just cannot be shackled. And, in seeking freedom for himself, he sees in his own act liberation for other people and for his society.

There is a very antique legend—it is the oldest one known—that holds Chaos to be a dragon named Tia-mat. According to this legend a certain god, Marduk, was chosen to destroy the dragon of Chaos. There was an historic battle and Chaos/Tia-mat was vanquished. But, most significantly, she was not actually destroyed. She was chained by Marduk who then proceeded to place the north star in the Zenith, to arrange the heavens, separate the water from the earth and create the planned society under which we have been living ever since.

Tia-mat reappears from time to time—almost anyone can see that—and she is quickly subdued again. But she is the dark genius of the artist and the poet, the musician, the dissenter and about three philosophers in every ten thousand. I don't propose to release Chaos and just turn her loose upon the human race—we still must have banks and plane schedules. But I think it would be nice if we just made a pet of her and let her go free from time to time to get a breath of fresh air and romp around a little among the Planned Society.

Ben Shahn by Margaretta Mitchell

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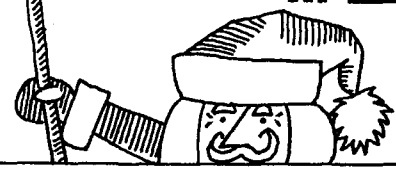

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"If I were a college president we would have a lot fewer students, a lot fewer professors and a lot more order."—Max Rafferty, California State Superintendent of Public Instruction

[INTRODUCTION]

NESBITT CRUTCHFIELD, TWENTY-NINE, is a student at San Francisco State College and a member of the Black Students Union. On November 13, in the second week of a black-led student strike, Crutchfield and other BSU members emerged from the hut-office in which they had just held a press conference; they were surprised by the sight of a dozen policemen, members of San Francisco's much-criticized Tactical Squad, moving in formation along the narrow walkway between the BSU hut and the student commons.

A few of the several hundred white students gathered nearby for lunch shouted taunts at the cops, but most were more puzzled than anything else, since nothing had happened in that part of campus to warrant police presence.

Suddenly, for no apparent reason, the cops broke formation, raised their clubs and started after the black students. Two of them jammed Crutchfield against the wall of the hut. One hit him in the midsection; then, when he doubled over, he was clubbed to the ground with repeated blows. One of the cops jammed his knee into Crutchfield's back while the other continued to club him. When they got up, he couldn't, and so was dragged off, to be charged with assaulting a police officer.

Seven students and a faculty member were arrested for assault and related charges that day. Within an hour, an apathetic crowd of students had turned into an angry and united group—and at one point, near the education building, nearly 800 students stood facing a dozen frightened cops.

Into the narrowing space which separated them, Economics Professor William Stanton, a former state legislator, led 45 members of the faculty, including well-known novelist Kay Boyle. Standing inches from the Tac Squad clubs while the students cheered, they linked arms to hold back the crowd, which started to surge forward. Hastily, the cops split for their off-campus vans and left the area.

San Francisco State College was embroiled in what was already the longest and one of the most successful student strikes since the 1930's—and blacks led it. Supported by whites and other minority students, the blacks are determined to define for themselves the nature of their college education. They want to learn skills which they can bring back to the ghettos of the Fillmore and Hunter's Point. Put simply, the blacks want State to serve the people of their neighborhoods—not the corporations that control those communities.

This attempt to turn mass education into something which is truly for the masses is an effort that the trustees of the state college system aren't about to tolerate; but it is a demand that is going to arise in every one of the urban colleges across the country. For this reason alone, the trouble at San Francisco State stretches far beyond the outer fringes of San Francisco's commuter belt. Berkeley or Columbia may be lingering in the background somewhere as ideals of campus radicalism, but even if you live in Kansas City, San Francisco State is close to home.

[IT USED TO BE A NORMAL SCHOOL]

THERE ARE EIGHTEEN STATE COLLEGES in California, serving a total of 215,000 students. They have no connection with the University of California and have their own governing body, a politically appointed Board of Trustees. The important difference between the state colleges and the university, however, has nothing to do with administration. The important difference is that if your family makes $10,000 a year or more, you're likely to go to the university; if it makes less, you're much more likely to go to the nearest "State," if you go anywhere at all.

The state colleges used to be "normal schools"—teacher training institutions. When a liberal legislature decided to try to make a four-year education available to those who didn't have the money to travel to and attend the university, the system was expanded, and the colleges undertook to train middle-level professionals and businessmen as well as teachers: social workers, journalists, junior executives. While the university turned out the top managers and manipulators for the system, the state colleges turned out its future apologists and middle-level bureaucrats. Clark Kerr's multiversity spawned the multicollege.

In this archipelago of California's urban colleges, San Francisco State has always been the key island. Twenty years ago, faculty members there were already encouraging ghetto poets (and in some cases feeding them). Later, the San Francisco State Poetry Center was the focal point for the literary and life-style phenomena of the Beat Generation; it was State, not the university, which provided the raunchy, street-wise, poverty-hip core of that movement.

The majority of the faculty at State is still young by academic standards—in their forties—educated for the most part at good schools under the G.I. Bill. Many have turned down more lucrative and prestigious posts at larger schools; most of them are interested in *teaching*. A younger group is made up of recent graduates, some still polishing off their doctorates, who are themselves, in many cases, veterans of one or another campus struggle.

The younger group is particularly close to the students, because twenty-five years is the median age of the student body. Many of the undergraduates have tried college once, dropped out and returned. Of the seven students arrested on November 13, four are twenty-five or older; the arrested faculty member is twenty-eight.

Finally, State has always had a student body that does not at all resemble that of a major university. State's students show up with a lot of savvy, although their intelligence is not reflected either in high school grades or college entrance tests. They are a more heterogenous lot than the kids who kept their noses to the grindstone and got into the university—more acquainted with urban poverty, less indoctrinated by middle-class ethics.

This means, for one thing, that the university gets the sons and daughters of the black bourgeoisie, acclimatized to white

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education and rhetoric; State gets the brothers off the block —and they are a little tougher for academic liberals to deal with.

For a long time, though, it seemed that former State President John Summerskill might be able to pull it off.

[THE SUMMERSKILL YEARS]

THE PRESENT STATE COLLEGE SYSTEM WAS SET UP in the early 1960's with a Board of Trustees, an overall chancellor, and a president for each college. When the post of chancellor fell vacant early in 1962, the trustees let it be known that they had their eye on San Francisco State ex-President Glenn Dumke, a dull and ponderous conservative.

Dumke got the appointment and managed to keep himself out of major controversies while San Francisco State sank deeper into the problems facing campuses everywhere: overcrowding, underfunding, concern with national and world affairs, and the obvious fact that "academic standards" were acting to make the streetcar college increasingly less representative of its community. In 1960, enrollment at State was ten per cent black; today, it's four per cent.

At the same time that State's black enrollment was shrinking, the nation's black ghettos were exploding. Harlem, Watts and even San Francisco's own Hunter's Point produced ample evidence to belie the liberal myth of slow but steady "Negro progress." While conservatives called for more riot training for National Guardsmen, liberals turned to a time-tested panacea: education.

To help with this attempted pacification of the restless natives, Chancellor Dumke reached all the way back to Cornell and tapped John Summerskill for the presidency of San Francisco State. He was the answer to every prayer of the concerned liberal faculty, and some of them came close to dancing on the commons lawn.

Summerskill breezed in, determined to make State a showplace. A sort of academic Pierre Trudeau, he made an immediate impression on the press and the community with his hipper-than-usual way of dressing, his outspoken opposition to the war in Viet-Nam (he even marched with other protesters up San Francisco's Market Street in April 1967), and his obvious understanding of urban problems. He assured his colleagues he would solve the community representation problems, and deal with the new attitudes of protest and radicalism.

Summerskill had studied the Free Speech Movement at Berkeley, and he knew that one of the more exciting ideas that had come out of it was the Free University: unstructured, student-run, dealing with what students wanted to know and unconcerned with what the society wanted them to learn. When a group of San Francisco State students read Paul Goodman's *Communitas* (which describes a potential "free university" in which students simply come up with some space, hire a professor and hold a class) and then invited Goodman to put his words into action, San Francisco State's Experimental College was born.

Summerskill backed the Experimental College enthusiastically, and helped it to grow while he sponsored other programs, putting the college administration behind community tutorial programs and other advanced innovations—including a campus underground newspaper to go along with the "official"

In the turbulent atmosphere of San Francisco State, students play a variety of roles. Above, an anti-press play in progress.

Photographs by Stephen Shames

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Daily Gater. The natty president also fought for "special admissions"—the waiving of normal academic requirements for at least a selected number of black and other minority students.

The partly accredited Experimental College, whose courses range from radical critiques of American sociology and a history of the labor movement to psychedelic art and "encounter groups," has since come under radical criticism. The college, some students argue, isolates potential radicals from the rest of the campus while they spend their time in "touchie-feelie" courses like Increased Personal Sensitivity.

But if the Experimental College and some of the other innovative features of State sometimes disturb radicals, they drive trustees up the walls. Max Rafferty (an ex-officio trustee) describes State as "an aviary for odd birds," and most of the wealthy and conservative businessmen on the Board of Trustees quite agree. The men who sit on the board are not generally among the most powerful corporation leaders in California. Those magnates are usually reserved for the prestigious UC Board of Regents. But there are a couple of big *machers*, like Dudley Swim, who heads Del Monte Foods, and Karl Wente, one of the top men in the Bank of America; by and large, though, the trustees are corporate second-stringers like architect Charles Luckman (a big man in Los Angeles redevelopment circles), and Louis Heilbron, whose main accomplishment seems to be that he's active in a local World Affairs Council.

The trustees' concept of education is second-string too. Basically, they conceive of a state college education as four more years of high school. You keep going in order to learn a profession or, perhaps, to get a liberal arts education so you can be some professional's wife. They really don't understand, of course, that a student might want to jump off the corporate conveyor belt instead of being trained to repair it when it breaks down. If the trustees aren't sympathetic to the white students it is not surprising that they are totally isolated, by politics and temperament, from the problems of minority students.

SUPER-LIBERAL SUMMERSKILL, not quite realizing the contradictions he was creating, spoke for recruiting young black and brown students, regardless of admission standards. He never succeeded in reversing the downward trend in the percentage of blacks on campus, but he did succeed in finding at least some blacks who might not have gotten to college otherwise. Among them was a serious, slightly square, straight-A student named George Murray.

There had been, before Summerskill, a campus organization called the Negro Students Association. In the same year that Summerskill came to State, the NSA became the Black Students Union, dedicated to uniting black students around political questions. The BSU quickly became a model for other black college groups around the country, organizing a tutorial system for ghetto high schools and grade schools and initiating a course in black nationalism in the Experimental College. Gradually, courses in "black studies" grew in other departments—all encouraged by Summerskill and the liberal faculty.

Encouragement, however, wasn't enough. The BSU wanted more blacks admitted, and the administration agreed "in principle"—but the concessions were minimal compared to the problem. The administration always claimed that the trustees and the legislature hadn't supplied the funds.

But that didn't placate the brothers off the block, who argued that a government which can find millions for riot control should be able to find a few thousand for black admissions to college and for a "black studies program" included in a single Black Studies Department, with power to grant a BA and to hire its own faculty.

The blacks were discontented and isolated. To the faculty, Summerskill seemed to be doing all that a man could do. With extremely few exceptions, the white students agreed; after all, they had their Experimental College, their tutorial programs, their underground newspaper and a president who took part in peace marches.

But the blacks were not Summerskill's only critics. The largest minority at State is the campus' 1600 Chinese; there are also several hundred Latinos and Mexican-Americans. There are smaller numbers of Japanese-Americans and Philippine-Americans as well. At least some representatives of all these groups began, during the Summerskill years, to come together to form the Third World Liberation Front (TWLF), whose concerns are substantially similar to those of the blacks: the feeling that their own cultural backgrounds are not reflected in college courses and activities, the certainty that members of their ethnic groups are discriminated against in the admission process.

Actually it was the TWLF which ended the Summerskill years. In May of this year, Summerskill found himself facing a combined sit-in in his office—Third World students were protesting the suspension of a chicano professor, while white students protested the president's decision to keep Air Force ROTC on the campus.

Summerskill reinstated the professor, refused to oust AFROTC, called for and got an overwhelming vote of confidence from the faculty, and took off on a "previously scheduled" trip to Ethiopia, from which he has never returned. It wasn't as though Summerskill had failed personally; he had all the right characteristics to be a good administrator. It was his liberal program that failed.

But Summerskill's departure left the trustees with a problem: If this hip, articulate, sensitive, liberal expert from Cornell couldn't deal with that aviary, who the hell could? Glenn Dumke swallowed manfully and picked an old enemy.

[THE LIBERAL RHINOCEROS]

ROBERT SMITH LOOKS A LITTLE LIKE he's playing the title role in "Rhinoceros" and is about halfway through the play. Born in North Dakota, where he was an itinerant farm worker in his youth, he fought his way through a couple of small midwestern colleges and came to San Francisco State shortly after World War II. He's held a series of administrative posts there, though after waging an unsuccessful campaign to prevent Dumke's appointment as chancellor he resigned as a dean to go back to teaching in the School of Education.

After taking office he yielded to the idea of creating a Black Studies Department and to the appointment of black sociologist, Nathan Hare, as its head. He supplied, however, neither funds nor faculty, on the ground that the current budget didn't provide for them. He claims he went to the Board of Trustees to seek their approval for the creation

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of the department and for a BA in Black Studies, to become effective when the department could start operating in the fall of 1969.

But Smith's liberal concessions and promises were not enough. The BSU not only wanted the right to hire and fire its own staff and set up its own courses, but a guarantee that the trustees wouldn't have anything to say about either prerogative. They also demanded, in conjunction with the TWLF, the admission of any black or Third World student who wanted to come, regardless of qualifications. (California's junior colleges admit all comers, so the demand isn't as impossible to meet as one might suspect.)

In the meantime, George Murray had been going through some changes. Now an English instructor as well as a student, Murray held a third position: Minister of Education of the Black Panther Party. Gradually convinced of the inherent racism of the college administrative structure, Murray had joined the Panthers and in the summer of 1968 had gone to Cuba. Even if he had never opened his mouth, he would sooner or later have been a target for the administration and the trustees.

But open his mouth he did.

[STRIKE]

ON OCTOBER 28, THE BSU HELD A RALLY at which Murray announced a strike, scheduled for November 6. Having read the newspapers, watched television, and listened to San Francisco's shoot-from-the-lip mayor, everyone in the city is convinced that Murray urged black and brown students to bring guns to campus on November 6th for the strike.

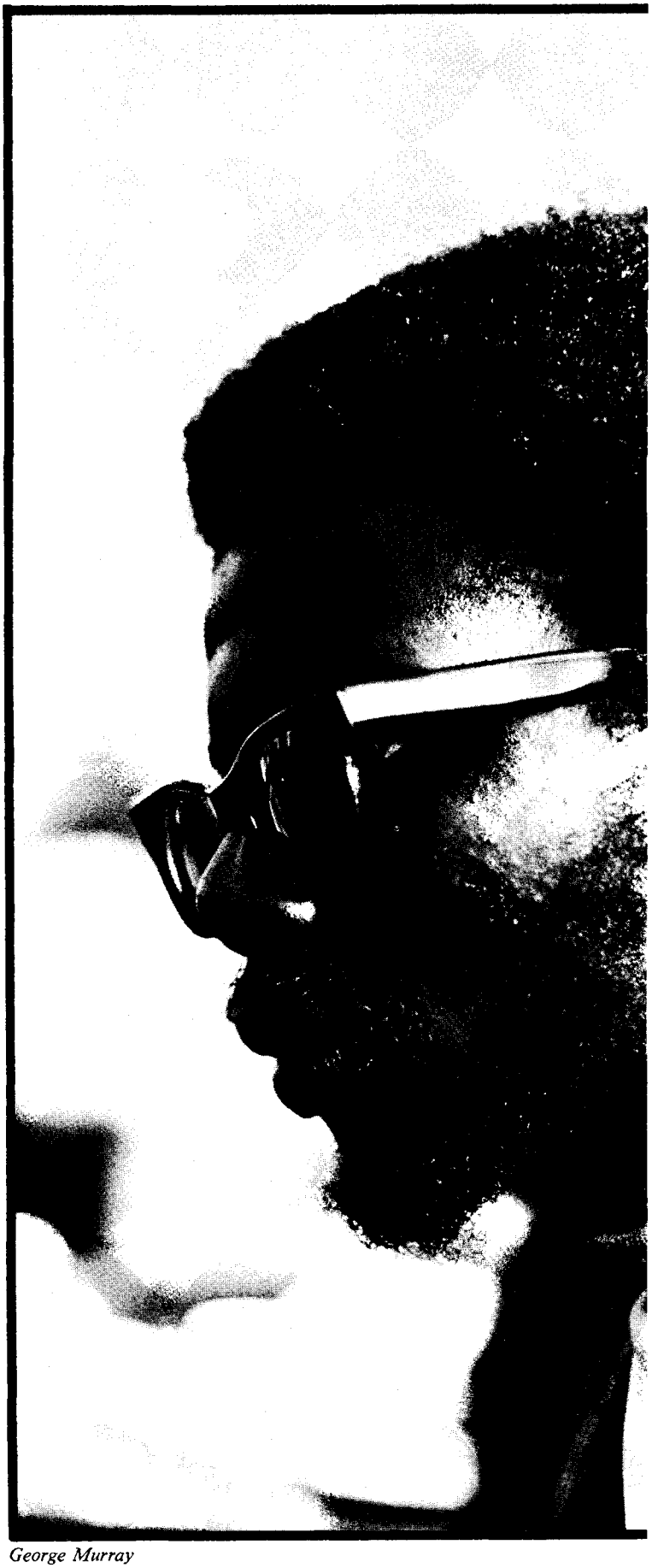
Actually, he said no such thing. What he did say was that it would be a good idea for black and brown students generally to carry guns for self-defense against racist administrators.

At any rate, on the afternoon of October 31, Dumke issued a direct order to Smith to suspend Murray. And though he stalled for a day, the president obeyed. Smith and the liberal faculty were quickly united on one issue: firing a member of the faculty is a clear violation of due process.

On the first day of the strike—Wednesday, November 6—the black administrators walked out. The BSU and the TWLF had passed the word to white radicals: don't stage a mass confrontation with the police. A black associate dean had told reporters the day before that "there are going to be a lot of disappointed people when they find out there will be no buildings taken over or any traditional crap like that." Aside from the interesting use of the word "traditional," he was right; there *was* "white" disappointment. The black and Third World students had decided that mass confrontation was the wrong game; coming from a world where the hostile cop is a fact of life and confrontation a good way to get killed, they see nothing romantic about throwing a rock from the back of a crowd and yelling "oink." There are other ways.

While white students were holding a rally and marching to the Administration Building, the BSU and TWLF divided into groups of ten or fewer and went from classroom to classroom, stopping wherever a class was in session to interrupt proceedings and explain the strike and the reasons for it.

On the whole, the tone was reasonable. Reporters, of course, stressed the disruptive effect, and for the first time the word



George Murray

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"violence" came heavily into play. The total extent of the violence involved the tossing of a typewriter through a window and the setting of two small fires, but television watchers and newspaper readers must have been convinced that the roving "educational teams" were all carrying axes, submachine guns and flame throwers.

"Roving bands of militants" were too much for the administration. At 1:30 p.m., Smith called in the cops. The Tac Squad assembled and moved around the campus, clearing buildings and telling everybody to go home. A crowd of whites followed them around for a while (singing "Old MacDonald" and stressing the oinks), but the blacks and browns were long gone.

"It was a sickening sight," a journalism teacher said. "I've covered all kinds of police actions, but when you see the cops on your own campus, where you love to work and where you think you might spend the rest of your life, it just turns your stomach."

By Tuesday the 12th, the faculty was angry enough to approve a resolution calling for Dumke's resignation. The Tac Squad was back on campus and getting rougher. A group of black students, walking through the psychology building and checking to see how many students were in class, was rushed by 35 Tac Squadders, hustled into AFROTC headquarters, photographed and released—except for two who were arrested. One Tac Squad member twisted the arm of a black woman and threatened to break it.

At 12:30 Wednesday the cops began to mass outside the psychology building. Despite newspaper reports of a "barrage" of missiles, there was actually nothing thrown at them but a few dirt clods; the reaction of the lunching students was at first not so much anger as shock when the police Tactical Squad attacked Nesbitt Crutchfield and then began to roam around campus threatening and frequently beating students who were slow at "moving on." At one point a cop drew his gun. With his hand visibly shaking, he dared students to come closer. Fortunately, nothing startled him.

After being effectively out-faced by the joint student-faculty maneuver described earlier, the cops left. When they were gone 600 faculty members met in the main auditorium, and Smith went into conference with his deans and vice presidents. The faculty adopted a resolution calling for the suspension of classes "while the faculty remains in continuous session." Smith, late in the afternoon, announced that "we don't believe we can get at the basic issues in this context," and that "we'll keep classes closed until such time as we can reopen them on a more rational basis."

Then Ronald Reagan, Max Rafferty and the trustees flipped out.

[GET IN LINE, SMITH]

THE OUTRAGED GOVERNOR SAID THAT Smith's closing of State was "an unprecedented act of irresponsibility" and demanded that "the campus be reopened to classes with dispatch." Democrat Jesse Unruh, about to be ousted as assembly speaker after a Republican legislative victory, got into the act by calling it "a triumph for anarchy." Mayor Alioto, ready as usual with a statement, said he'd send in a key troubleshooter if somebody wanted one.

Subjected to pressures from all sides, President Smith quickly came up with a ploy for easing school back into session. Students were asked to come to school on Monday, to go to their departments and meet with their professors, not for

"Don't you ever *hit a black person again," shouts a black striker following a fist fight provoked by the white girl's criticism of the strike.*

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classes but for discussion of the problems facing the school. Obviously Smith hoped that the faculty could convince students to break the strike. His plan, however, backfired.

Campus radicals distributed themselves carefully throughout the departmental meetings. They argued that the issues went deeper than due process and faculty autonomy and that the key questions of the strike were those of self-determination and racism. For that one day, the classes were liberated—and the day ended with much wider support for the strike than had existed over the weekend.

Meanwhile, in Los Angeles, 43 members of the S.F. State faculty were getting something of an education on their own. The faculty had decided to send the entire Academic Senate to the trustees' meeting (the Academic Senate is simply an elected "executive committee" of the faculty).

Smith told the trustees that the issues at San Francisco State weren't simple, and Governor Reagan broke in to say that as far as he was concerned, the only issue was to get the campus open as fast as possible and that was all he wanted to hear about it.

"It was quite evident," said one faculty member in what was almost a state of shock, "that they don't give a damn about education. They could be running a factory. And they obviously hold all of us—the faculty, Dr. Smith, everybody—in complete contempt."

The final shock, for at least some of the faculty, came when one trustee began to argue that maybe they *should* discuss the issues. The dissenter was Edward O. Lee of Oakland, who is black and a Reagan appointee to the board. When Lee insisted that the trustees ought not to act until they had had a chance to hear more about the campus' problems, Trustee Chairman Theodore Meriam leaned forward and looked over at him for a long moment, then grinned.

"Down, Rover," Meriam said.

Predictably, the trustees voted to reopen the campus immediately. But it was easier said than done. After the previous Wednesday's police brutality, the faculty had voted to "suspend the educational facilities of the college indefinitely while the faculty stays in session"—and the continuous faculty meeting had been only recessed, not adjourned, ever since. The increasingly feisty faculty was about ready to raise the question of whether Smith *could* open the campus, cops or no cops, without a faculty.

At a special meeting of all the faculty, Smith proposed to reopen the campus—using cops again if necessary. The faculty responded with a chorus of boos. In defiance of Smith and the trustees, the faculty voted to invite the president and the strike leaders to sit on the stage of the auditorium and discuss the issues, and to have the proceedings televised and piped to all possible points on the campus. The motion included the key provision that no classes would be taught.

The next morning was incredible. In the auditorium sat an eager and excited faculty; in other halls and rooms all over the campus, students jammed past all fire-law limits, jostling for a view of the television sets or a place near the loudspeakers. On the stage: Nesbitt Crutchfield, Roscoe Blunt and Jack Alexis of BSU; Tony Miranda, Roger Alvarado, Mason Wong and Alfred Wong of TWLF; a psychology professor serving as moderator; and President Robert Smith and two deans. When one student said in solemn earnestness, "What we are trying to do is to say 'Fuck you' to the inherent racism of the system," the smell of fresh air within the musty academic walls was impossible to miss. When Robert Smith said, "I am a social liberal and I don't pretend to know how to operate in a situation of revolutionary confrontation," he got sympathetic groans from many of the faculty—but by then they understood when a BSU member leaned to his microphone and replied simply, "That isn't our worry, is it?"

For the students, this meeting and the subsequent convocations were the most educationally rewarding experiences in a lifetime of schooling.

For Smith, it was the beginning of the end. A few days later he tendered his resignation to the trustees. They accepted and appointed in his stead S. I. Hayakawa, famed linguist, political right-winger and outspoken critic of the strike.

[BACK TO THE COMMUNITY]

WHETHER THE ADMINISTRATION MEETS all the demands of the BSU and the TWLF is not the point. San Francisco State students in their long and already successful fight have developed a set of innovative tactics that will set trends for 1969, especially in urban colleges. The blacks led the strike from the beginning, and with the TWLF and the whites playing important supportive roles, it has become clear that the demands are nonnegotiable.

Blacks and Third World students slowly educated a surprising number of whites to the idea that a Black Studies program benefits everybody. "A course in the psychology of blacks or chicanos or Chinese," the BSU's Jack Alexis said, "will advance the entire science of psychology, because it's the other side of white psychology. It will help whites better understand themselves and make for a purer psychology."

The most important factor for the students' strategy was one that has rarely existed in previous "campus uprisings": community support—in this case support from the black and brown communities. The BSU and TWLF students had been tutoring and counseling high school students in their respective ghettos —and they are themselves, of course, ghetto products in a way that black students at more prestigious institutions usually aren't.

Strong community support, whether implicit or explicit, made the administration think twice; they knew that if their cops came down too hard, they'd have more than a strike in the black ghettos of Hunter's Point and the Fillmore.

For the black and Third World students, the issue was clear from the beginning: the right of self-determination for themselves and their communities. In a way, they have demanded only that State continue its progressive tradition of community involvement—but that the racist pattern be broken so that the black community, too, is involved. There was no tendency (as in other "student power" fights) to withdraw into an ivory tower of scholasticism or to return to some Utopian vision of a college separate from society.

State's students have demonstrated that "mainstream" students and well-intentioned faculty members can be reached, that an activist minority action can turn into a genuine movement, and that it's even possible to bring the faculty squarely down on the side of the students. And they have shown, furthermore, that an urban institution which doesn't meet the needs of the community cannot function for long in an urban setting.

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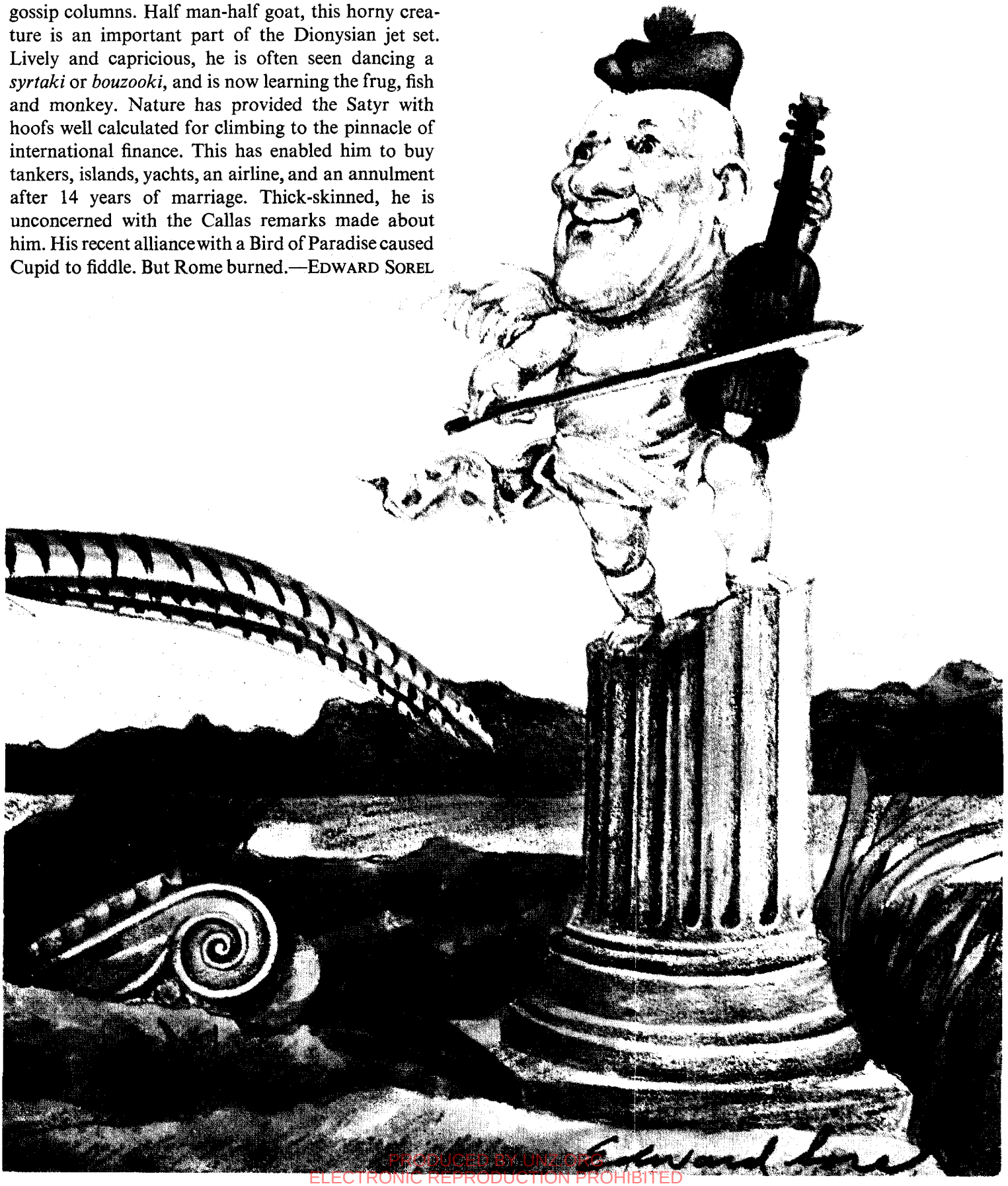
The Satyr

(*Aristotle Rex*)

This beast, from the legendary Isle of Skorpiós, is a familiar figure in Greek mythology and American gossip columns. Half man-half goat, this horny creature is an important part of the Dionysian jet set. Lively and capricious, he is often seen dancing a *syrtaki* or *bouzooki*, and is now learning the frug, fish and monkey. Nature has provided the Satyr with hoofs well calculated for climbing to the pinnacle of international finance. This has enabled him to buy tankers, islands, yachts, an airline, and an annulment after 14 years of marriage. Thick-skinned, he is unconcerned with the Callas remarks made about him. His recent alliance with a Bird of Paradise caused Cupid to fiddle. But Rome burned.—EDWARD SOREL



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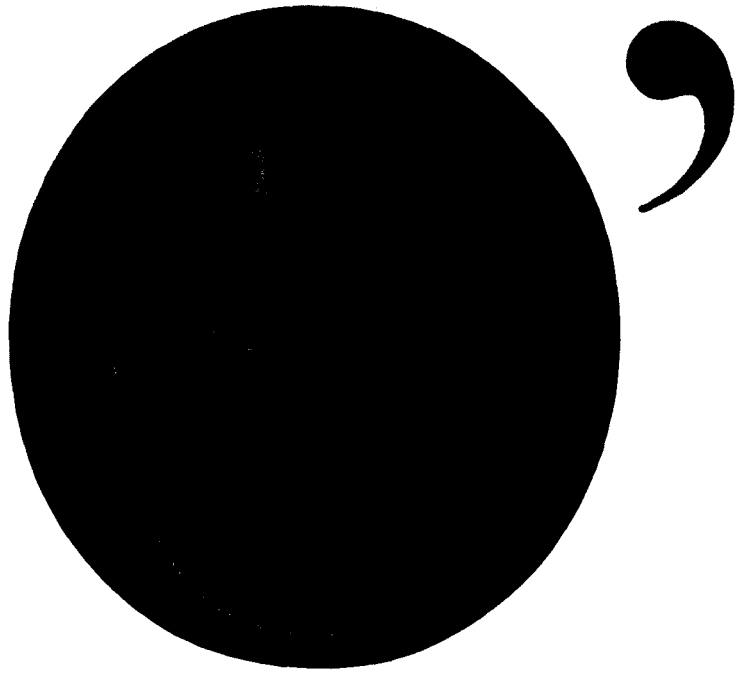
The Last Hurrah of Cardinal Patrick Aloysius



BOYLE

by Marianne Hinckle

CARDINAL PATRICK ALOYSIUS O'BOYLE looks a bit like a pudgy Pekingese dog. His marble white skin is spotted with pink freckles, and you sometimes get the feeling that you could poke a finger right through him and he would be hollow inside. Long acquaintances say he is a truly warm, sincere person who wants to receive warmth from others, but strictly on his own terms. Others say he is a "simple man of good intentions," and other feel, as Mark Twain said, that he is "a good man in the worst sense of the word." His motto is "Stand Fast in the Faith"; he seems somewhat like a cross between Bottom and King Lear, but at least one thing about him is consistent: he reacts unkindly to pressure.

Despite widespread negative reaction to Pope Paul's encyclical, *Humanae Vitae*, Washington, D.C.'s O'Boyle toed the line—so toughly that the Vatican and the world's theologians saw Washington as the canonical battleground.

In a high-pitched brogue, Cardinal O'Boyle counseled his dissenting priests as if they were prodigal sons: "I don't mind you having meetings and such, but I hope you realize that when all of you are together some of the rectories are virtually unattended. What would happen if someone right outside a rectory was hit by a car? Who would go to him? And you know you have to get to him before he gets cold."

But the cardinal's cherub-like cheeks flushed pink with ire when at least 41 of the dissenters held steadfast in their faith. They would, by God, hold meetings. And they would continue to counsel their parishioners to follow their own consciences regarding parentage, despite O'Boyle's strict call for obedience to the Pope's plea in no way to "lessen the number of guests at the banquet of life." With everybody claiming his own action to be the will of God, private audiences between the cardinal and his diocesan priests this October only polarized matters in the dispute. Pulling the Supreme Being between them like taffy, each group backed itself firmly against a different wall. And the cardinal, true to his Eire, struck out with a clenched fist.

Patrick Cardinal O'Boyle, at the age of seventy-two, was holding forth his last hurrah. A unique defender of the faith, the cardinal meant for *Humanae Vitae* to be taken not merely to heart, but strictly to bed. But there was no peace. O'Boyle huffed and puffed at many rectory doors when 52 of his diocesan priests and dozens of his teachers signed a statement of conscience against the encyclical and took to their pulpits not only to read the essence of *Humanae Vitae*, but also documents of European bishops and theologians who were not in complete harmony with the encyclical. Father Joseph O'Donoghue, author of the recent controversial *Elections in the Church*, was one of the first to instruct his parishioners in that sort of academic fashion, and for his action he was personally visited by the cardinal and informed that he was to pack his bags and get out. O'Donoghue's suspension on August 31st was the first of a rash of penalties which broke out with all the confusion of the Mad Hatter's Tea Party.

The penalties imposed upon the priests, whose ages range from twenty-five to sixty-nine, follow no observable pattern. Some were told they could no longer hear confessions, others were completely suspended from priestly duty, and four were asked to leave their rectories. Fourteen of those penalized are no longer functioning as priests. Some have taken leaves of absence, two have taken secular jobs and several of those ordered out of their rectories are rooming together in a house

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they have christened the Center for Christian Renewal. The others remain unpopular in their rectories, carrying the burden of their penalties like wicker crosses.

Despite statements from the chancery office that there is no shortage of priests, many parishes plainly have been left short-handed. "I told my parishioners that they might as well go confess to the milkman," one of those penalized said. "We have only one priest left to hear confessions."

Even more irate than the priests were the parishioners, who have been torn between the Church structure, their spiritual leaders and their own consciences. They said goodbye to many of their priests with standing ovations and with tears in their eyes. Some organized a walkout in St. Matthews Cathedral on the Sunday the cardinal chose to read his statement calling for obedience to the encyclical. "Dear friends in Christ," he began, with television lights reflecting off his rimless glasses, "I am sure you know what is troubling me today. . . ." Scarcely had he finished this first sentence when some 400 parishioners, roughly one-third of the congregation, left the church.

USUALLY JOVIAL AND LOQUACIOUS, Patrick O'Boyle is somewhat of a loner these days. He rarely appears in the chancery for lunch, seldom sees even a few of his advisors and refuses to talk to the press. He has taken the recent attacks upon his office as personal affronts. He thinks the matter of birth control is a liberal issue and that, simply, all liberals are "fanatics" looking for any cause on which to attack him.

But things have been tough for O'Boyle before. As in other cases where he has been a hard-liner, the main thrust of this dispute is not the issue of birth control but a question of authority. "I know what your problem is," he told some of the dissenting priests, "you sit at home and read too much—Commonweal and the like. You read too much and get all confused." He readily admits that one of his biggest mistakes was giving permission to his priests to attend classes at Catholic University, where they were exposed to radical theologians like Fathers Robert Hunt and Charles Curran, who were at the center of a debate over free speech last spring which closed the university for three days. Twenty theologians there, led by Father Curran, have now signed a statement against the encyclical and, some fear, if O'Boyle pulls rank to discipline them, he may not only cause a strike but shut down CU for good. With the undergraduate enrollment already down 25 per cent last year, the Board of Trustees is uneasy. If more hysterical attention is brought to the campus they fear a loss of credibility and financial support.

O'Boyle has been confronted by the laity many times in the past and is frustrated when he sees that—as with his priests—he cannot treat them like adolescents. He has tried to instill in his parishioners a loving-father/loyal-children concept which would ease his exercise of authority—for little children, after all, have not developed consciences. Folk masses conducted by The People, a swinging, floating parish of laymen, were banned last fall when he thought they had gotten out of hand and were becoming disrespectful to Church traditions. "Do you suppose," one participant queried, "that it's a sin to have so much fun in church?"

The cardinal refused to endorse the last National Liturgical Conference which cast such social activists as Saul Alinsky, Dorothy Day and Herbert Aptheker in its program, "Revolution: Christian Responses," for he could not see any correlation between social issues and liturgy. Dull in the areas of liturgy and theology, he constantly refers in his conversations with dissidents to the good old days before 1963 (pre-Vatican Council II) "when all this questioning started."

"The days of force for civil rights, for wars, for edicts from Rome just have to be over. You can't stay under the bed and pretend that situations and people just aren't there," sixty-nine-year-old Jesuit Horace McKenna said of the authority confrontation. McKenna is on O'Boyle's blacklist for dissenting with what the wiry, grey-haired priest calls "that albatross around Paul's neck."

McKenna, who walks with a sprightly gait, has been stationed for the past ten years at St. Aloysius, one of the oldest Catholic churches in Washington—built in 1857. Today its parish is 90 per cent black and its locale is one of the city's poorest ghettos, where one-fourth of the people are on welfare. McKenna constantly receives notes asking for food tickets—one read, "Father, I have only my seven children and my sex. I need $2.00 and some canned milk for the baby, please."

"With two-thirds of the world in want, and one-third in hunger, the only job of the Church should be to preserve solidarity," McKenna quips. He has known O'Boyle ever since he was made archbishop of Washington, D.C. in 1947. "Patrick is a good man and a good friend. But the days of speeches are over." It looks like O'Boyle will just have to learn to suck soup with the common man.

APPARENTLY HE ONCE KNEW HOW. But somehow Patrick O'Boyle's identification with the poor and his youthful struggle in the Pennsylvania Appalachians have become lost in the bureaucracy of the vast institution he represents.

Patrick O'Boyle grew up in the era of the John L. Lewises and the Molly Macguires in the coal mining town of Scranton, Pennsylvania. The prelate once said of his Irish immigrant parents that they brought to America no earthly goods except an "abiding trust in God and love of neighbor." His father, Michael O'Boyle, was a steelworker and died when Patrick was ten years old. From then on he lived with his mother in the rectory where she was housekeeper, and he helped pay his way with morning and afternoon paper routes. He worked his high school summers in textile mills and on farms, becoming a strong unionist.

In 1955, the year he received the George Meany Lattare Medal, the highest award given to a Catholic, O'Boyle declared that if there were prosperity in the country today it was due to 50 years of organized labor struggling for better working conditions.

Yet today Cardinal O'Boyle doesn't want a union in his own backyard, and he is therefore wary of the Association of Washington Priests. He considers that group, whose membership of over 100 represents about one-third of the diocesan priests, as a bargaining agent for priests' rights. He wants it made clear that, as his diocesan newspaper, The Catholic Standard, declared in a recent editorial, "The Church . . . is not a democracy and never has been. . . ."

O'Boyle is a product of the New York archdiocese, entering St. Joseph's Seminary in Yonkers in 1917 because he "felt an obligation to further the teaching of Christ." He was ordained

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in St. Patrick's Cathedral in 1921, and then graduated from New York's School of Social Service. A close confidant of the late Cardinal Spellman, he moved swiftly through the ranks and became director of the New York Catholic Charities.

In 1943, Monsignor O'Boyle was named executive director of the War Relief Service, supervising aid to the people of war-torn Europe. After a year as special consultant to Cardinal Spellman, he was named in 1947 by Pope Pius XII as the first archbishop of Washington, formerly part of the diocese of Baltimore. Since then the Catholic population of the nation's capital has grown to approximately 325,000, and O'Boyle reigns over nearly $500 million worth of untaxable property.

The cardinal became a hard-liner of church policy, outlining the evils as he saw them—materialism, naturalism, secularism and liberalism—those "perversions of spiritual values." As early as 1950, he deplored the general laxity in the moral atmosphere of American life, citing gangster movies, obnoxious comic books, inadequate housing and the perennial slum as contributors. He attacked euthanasia, contraception and abortion as "moral desecrations which outrage the eternal rights of God and the inalienable rights of man," and—exhibiting something of a Mayor Daley syndrome—he suggested that if you can't convert people then it may well be that "many men may have to be clubbed into decency and respect by the constraint of public law."

O'Boyle's toughest and most prolonged efforts were instigated by his humanitarian instincts in behalf of the poor and the victims of prejudice. His love affair with decency also had a liberal manifestation, aided, no doubt, by his strong anti-communism—a missionary's passion for the universalization of Christianity. He assumed an early integrationist role under this rationale. Exhorting his flock to rise to the challenge of integration, he warned, "We can't win the war for men's minds if the communists can point out to countries that they, rather than the Christians, preach equality." He tried to become his own shining example by implementing integration, and followed the precedent set by Joseph E. Ritter, archbishop of St. Louis, who in 1947 declared an end to segregation in his archdiocesan schools.

Supporters of O'Boyle say that until he came to Washington, the racial makeup of the Roman Catholic churches generally reflected the city's segregated living patterns and that, in fact, the cardinal accelerated desegregation in churches and quietly and cautiously began desegregation in schools. But his good intentions were not always enforced, and as late as the latter half of the '50s, there were still churches that would not allow the black chauffeurs of state dignitaries to enter, and others which would not allow them to take communion from the same rail as the whites. There are still several segregated churches in the Capitol Hill area, many of which have exclusively white parishioners from outside the neighborhood. Critics claim that O'Boyle refuses to recognize complaints filed by the priests at the churches.

IN 1965, IN A WASHINGTON POST survey of white and black leaders in Washington, D.C., O'Boyle scored high with the black leaders, who cited him with great respect for his work in the field of civil rights. But it now seems more and more evident that his type of paternalism is in some ways a detrimental form of charity. "O'Boyle's instincts are good, his heart's in the right place," a prominent Protestant said, "but heart isn't good enough these days to change things."

A good case in point concerns Father Richard McSorley, the renowned peace priest of Georgetown University, who recalls that after the battle of Bataan, of which he was one of the few survivors, he and Father Horace McKenna were neighboring pastors in southern Maryland. O'Boyle was new in the area but had been outspoken about mixing colors in his parishes, and since McSorley was the pastor of an all white church and McKenna the pastor of an all black parish, they thought they had the perfect trial package. The churches as yet had no specific boundaries, and since there was much confusion over which priest was to go where on service calls, defined territory seemed the most likely solution. But forced integration could well drain off finances from both parishes, and McSorley's rash of pleading letters remained unanswered by O'Boyle, then archbishop. As the story now goes, Father McSorley burned his church down so that all his parishioners would have to go over to McKenna's black parish. When questioned, both whimsical priests skirt the issue, although they do maintain that the prelate is consistent about not wanting to create unnecessary friction.

O'Boyle's vagaries in hierarchical politics have not been uncommon. At Vatican Council II four years ago, the cardinal dramatized his interest in civil rights by appealing for an insertion in the text of a special paragraph dealing with the problem of discrimination, not from the viewpoint of sociology and economics, but on moral and religious grounds. But it was only the previous autumn during the 1963 march on Washington when, worried about a possible militant speech by SNCC's John Lewis, the cardinal threatened not to give the convocation prayer unless the talk were toned down.

Again, in 1965, when the Selma march was being organized and his priests wanted to go, O'Boyle reacted even more strongly to the idea of his priests being exposed to the Lewis philosophy. Confused about how far his social commitment could go, the cardinal was finally worn down by written and telephoned requests from countless priests and other religious leaders who were trying to tell him that their men were going. At first O'Boyle, with much hesitation, gave his blessing to the priests, but he panicked and backed down when Archbishop Toolen of Mobile (whose diocese includes Selma), on a visit to Washington, made it clear to O'Boyle that *his* priests were certainly not going to be allowed to participate. O'Boyle frantically tried to contact the priests and even tried to call the airport to tell them not to get on the plane. But the press was already there, taking pictures of the priests and busily noting that O'Boyle was one of the first archbishops to let his men go.

CONSISTENT INCONSISTENCY HAS ALSO PLAGUED O'Boyle in the field of urban affairs. Father Geno Baroni, the strong-arm man behind most of the cardinal's community programs, has been his director of community relations since 1963. Baroni, who would be considered a flaming radical by Catholic community standards, came to the city in 1960 on leave of absence from Johnstown in the Appalachia area of Pennsylvania. It was the commencement week of John Kennedy's administration, and inspired by Kennedy's civil rights program and by the evident sore problems of the Capitol's inner city, Baroni stayed and soon became an active, trusted worker with the inner city parishes. A diplomat and able politician, his talents were not overlooked by the

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archbishop, and O'Boyle hired him full-time to head his office of urban affairs, a rare structure in most archdioceses. Within his field, Baroni has had no conflicts or clashes of ideology with the cardinal and, diplomatically enough, he has not taken sides in the current birth control furor.

Baroni notes that in 1962 the cardinal was the lead witness in a fair housing hearing, and that in 1963 he played an important role in setting up the Religion/Race Conference in Washington which was a watershed for race relations in the U.S. churches. This summer Baroni took the cardinal down to Resurrection City where they tramped about in the mud for hours, and when Baroni couldn't accompany him, O'Boyle took it upon himself to talk with Tijerina and the other Mexican-Americans in the camp.

The cardinal's biggest problem—dealing with his own people—continued to plague him. In the fall of 1967 the Washington Lay Association (WLA) decided that they would raise money for rehabilitation of slum housing—a project they thought would be greeted with enthusiasm by the cardinal. WLA President Jim Gibbons was a board member of the recently formed Housing Development Corporation (HDC), which is now headed by the Reverend Channing Phillips. The WLA planned to raise Catholic money to be administered through HDC, a melting pot of housing associations. The cardinal urged establishment of such an urban coalition as a great means of mobilizing the forces of urban life. However, he told the WLA that he was $15 million in debt to building projects (for churches, not houses) and really could not give the WLA's "project share" any money. The WLA replied they wanted only his endorsement, that they hoped to raise whatever they needed from laymen in Washington.

Either because the prelate was put off by the WLA, with its minor percentage of blacks and a white liberal attitude of "let's do something for the blacks," or because he was never too hot on the WLA to begin with, he did not give them his endorsement. And what is more, he forbade his pastors to hand over to the WLA parish lists of Catholics, making it extremely difficult to contact interested people. But the WLA would not be discouraged. A door-to-door campaign was organized and 1000 people raised $127,000 for HDC, about one-fourth of the expected sum.

Whatever the cause for O'Boyle's break with "project share" and HDC, a Barron's magazine article which appeared in January of this year entitled, "HDC, Radical Design," seemed to cement the matter. Describing the corporation as "a monument to Black Power," it put down HDC leaders as militants and some members as "poor business risks." The cardinal was apparently effectively baited by this smear of militants and liberal Democrats in the organization. As one observer put it, "A lot of conservative Catholics read Barron's," and a Washington priest commented that O'Boyle has no concept of Black Power except that it makes him nervous.

In a compensating action, the cardinal soon resurrected a housing project of his own, the Urban Rehabilitation Corporation, administered by Father Baroni. URC has rehabilitated nine houses, bought 51 outright and is speculating on buying 215 more. Naturally, the WLA felt wronged by this deal, especially when O'Boyle pushed housing as a feature charity in his annual charity drive which came up—coincidentally—the week following WLA's drive to support "project share." They felt it was a move calculated to take the glow off their campaign.

But O'Boyle stresses the fact that he does not want to become a slumlord, and through careful planning Baroni is making sure that the URC will not be another resented white elephant intrusion upon the black ghetto. Baroni's group is employing black contractors, apprentices and students interested in model city careers and also has plans to further social services and support for future purchasers of the rehabilitated homes.

THOMAS P. NEILL, ONE OF THE FOUNDERS of the National Committee of Catholic Concerns, described O'Boyle as one of those Irish and Irish-American bishops who have developed a truly marvelous obedience to Rome —"a mafia-like loyalty that transcends conscience, human dignity, truth itself."

In Commonweal, Neill drew the analogy of this Vatican master to the legend of the Grand Inquisitor, which the skeptic Ivan narrates to the religious Alyosha in *The Brothers Karamazov:* Christ comes to Spain during the Inquisition. When people instinctively flock to him, the Grand Inquisitor has him arrested. Visiting Christ in his cell, the Inquisitor explains why he must be executed in the morning. Christ made men free, a condition which frail man cannot bear. The Grand Inquisitor tells Christ it took the Church centuries to stamp out freedom and again make people content and Christ must be executed so that he does not torment men with freedom. Says Neill, "So artfully does Dostoevsky spin the tale that one feels sympathy not for Christ but for the Grand Inquisitor who bears the burden of all men's consciences on his frail shoulders and now must execute Christ to preserve peace in the Church. His people are burden-free sheep; he is the tormented shepherd. But they are sheep. Only he is human. And in the morning Christ will be dead again."

But it is not only un-Christian but *anti*-Christian to invest a faith in God which relieves man of making his own decisions. As Teilhard de Chardin, the Jesuit scholar and scientist whose mysticism haunts the Church, writes in his *Divine Milieu*, the abyss of confusion, indeed, is where God rests: ". . . when I feel I am losing hold of myself, absolutely passive in the hands of the great unknown forces that have shaped me, in those dark moments, grant, O God, that I may understand that it is You who are painfully parting the fibers of my being in order to penetrate the very marrow of my substance, and bear me away with You. . . ."

In Rome in early November, cardinals busied themselves with an emergency meeting on the "crisis of obedience." In none other than Washington, D.C., the seat of democracy, was this crisis of authority more tenderly apparent. The bishops' council met there in mid-November and clearly endorsed the encyclical against birth control, and although they affirmed the right of dissent in certain situations, they said they would not interfere in O'Boyle's "local dispute." Perhaps out of this current unrest and confusion all concerned may come to some maturity. For as one Washington priest said in agony over the scandal in his archdiocese: "When disputes over rights and freedoms supplant what the Church really is—in all its mysticism and beauty, the eucharist—then both sides are wrong." Perhaps the cries from Washington are the sounds of a new theology being born. Indeed O'Boyle represents a lost generation which held hierarchy as sovereign rather than serving.

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THE AGIT POP ART OF CUBA

THEORETICALLY, STATE-SUPPORTED and directed art should not be very good. If the business of government-directed art is propaganda, then it is the business of the artist to propagate the established order, normally a contradiction in terms since the inclination of the artist is to oppose establishments. The more reactionary the society becomes, the more contrary he is likely to get.

Artists are just not to be trusted to turn out their best efforts if they are held in check by overzealous government agencies. This was as true with the French Academy during the last half of the 19th century as it was with the commissars of Soviet socialist realism and our own WPA post office murals during the '30s. In such cases the state's "official" art as propaganda becomes as self-defeating as book burning.

Cuba, thus far, has not fallen into any of these traps. No one, not even our own government officials, has accused Cuba of being a reactionary society, and if it is oppressive, it is a very well kept secret from its people—especially its artists.

All of Cuba's artists and writers are employed by the government in a number of agencies: OSPAAAL, the international propaganda agency; COR, the internal propaganda agency; ICAIC, the film bureau; and Casa De Las Americas, the academy of the arts in Cuba. One of the most prolific Cuban artists is twenty-five-year-old Alfredo Rostgaard, who does most of the posters for OSPAAAL and free-lances for ICAIC on the side. He also designs Tricontinental magazine.

In addition they are all free to join the artists and writers union, UNEAC, which supplies them with paints, brushes, canvases, a center for cultural activity, and a lobby for their political demands.

With all this taken care of, the artist is free to explore his creative potential in a number of ways, without heavy-handed "art direction" from bureaucrats. To be sure, this is all done within the framework of Cuba's revolutionary socialism, and the artist who is in basic ideological opposition to the government is likely to become frustrated and leave.

The best known Cuban artists are a young group—in their middle to late twenties. Since they were educated in, and are products of, a young revolutionary society, they exhibit few of the traditional Latin American stylistic art forms. An art historian would be hard pressed to demonstrate any real links with the Indian, Spanish or African cultures. The Revolution seems to have washed away everything except what the artists are currently experiencing. Considering the results, they seem to have seen and digested nearly every major contemporary art movement.

The amazing thing is that it works: the artists' creative spirit and Cuba's international revolutionary spirit seem to have merged so that the result, especially in poster design, is as strikingly beautiful and original, though eclectic, as anything currently being done—particularly in the realm of government-supported art.

by Dugald Stermer

Posters from the collection of Reese Erlich

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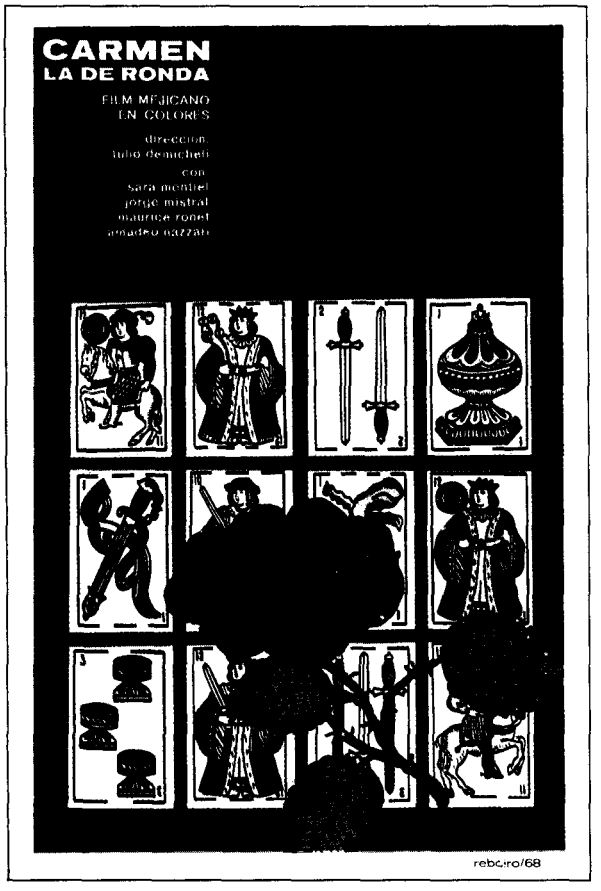

ICAIC:

ICAIC is Cuba's film bureau, producing and distributing movies in order to satisfy the voracious appetite of some of the most cinema-conscious people in the world. Cubans love movies of all kinds, from "Morgan" with Spanish subtitles to "Samurai Assassin" starring Toshiro Mifune. They also have a booming film industry of their own—entertainment features, propaganda shorts, cartoons—all produced through ICAIC. Any movie costs $1.00 to attend and ICAIC is working to eliminate even that cost. In addition there are mobile units which give free open air performances in the rural areas.

Since there is no profit to be derived by drawing large crowds, there is little need for these posters to do anything more than give the title, the place and the time of the showing. This eliminates any need for the lurid, garish poster art of our own film industry. And it leaves ICAIC artists free to do some of the most beautiful interpretive graphic work anywhere. As with much of the art in Cuba, the styles vary widely, not according to the arbitrary whim of the artist, but to the symbolic nature of the subject.

Technically, these posters are incredibly well produced, silk-screened in runs of 500 each on good quality Cuban cardboard, sometimes with as many as eight or ten separate color runs.

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OSPAAAL:

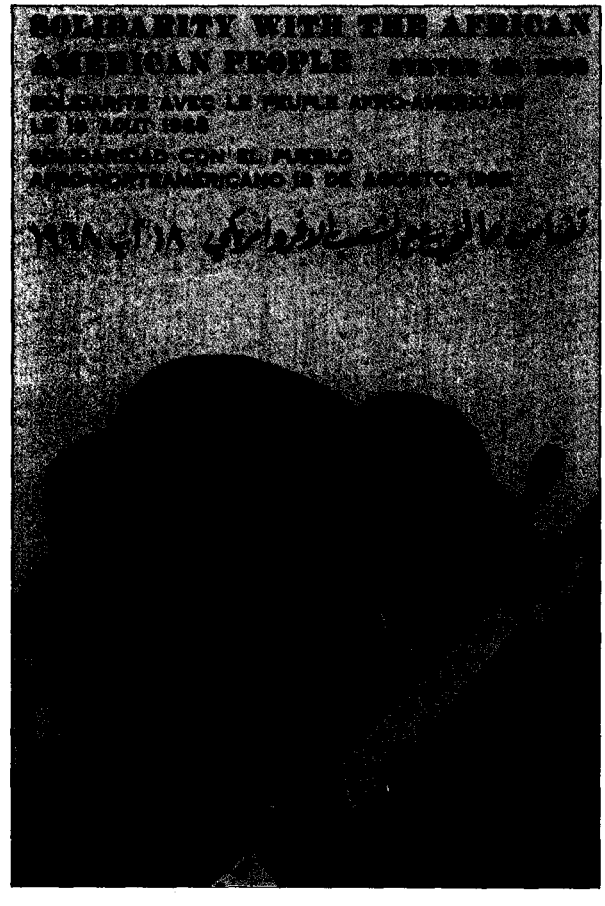
The Organization of Solidarity with Asia, Africa and Latin America. These posters represent just one of the publishing arms of what is perhaps the most prolific international propaganda agency based in any socialist country.

The purpose of the OSPAAAL is to coordinate activities and act as communications center for its Third World members. Many guerrilla movements have permanent delegations in Havana and are able to receive monetary and ideological aid through the organization. Therefore the posters, as well as its magazine, Tricontinental, and its book publishing program serve one purpose only—revolutionary, socialist propaganda.

To this end they have established more days and weeks of solidarity with various groups and countries around the world than the Catholic Church has Saint's Days. Of course there is a poster for each, printed in four languages in keeping with the OSPAAAL's international ideology.

Unlike any other straight propaganda art I know of, the purely graphic variety of these posters is staggering, taking their stylistic leads from such diverse sources as American advertising, pop and op art, Czechoslovakian film posters—even rock posters. Conspicuously absent are any references to the heroic worker schools of Soviet socialist realism or even Mexico's Rivera-Orozco-Siguieros brand of revolutionary art.

(The art for the poster to the right on "Solidarity with Afro-Americans" was done by Black Panther Minister of Culture Emory Douglas.)



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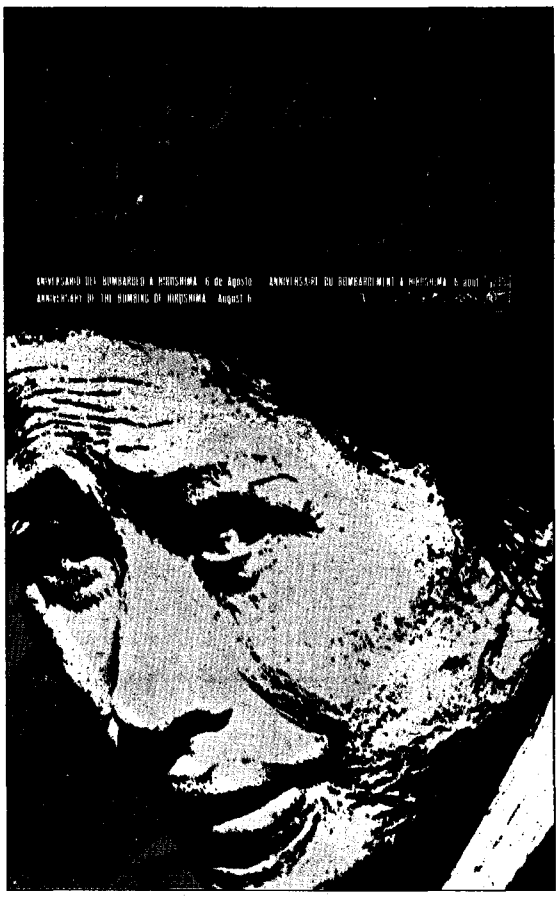
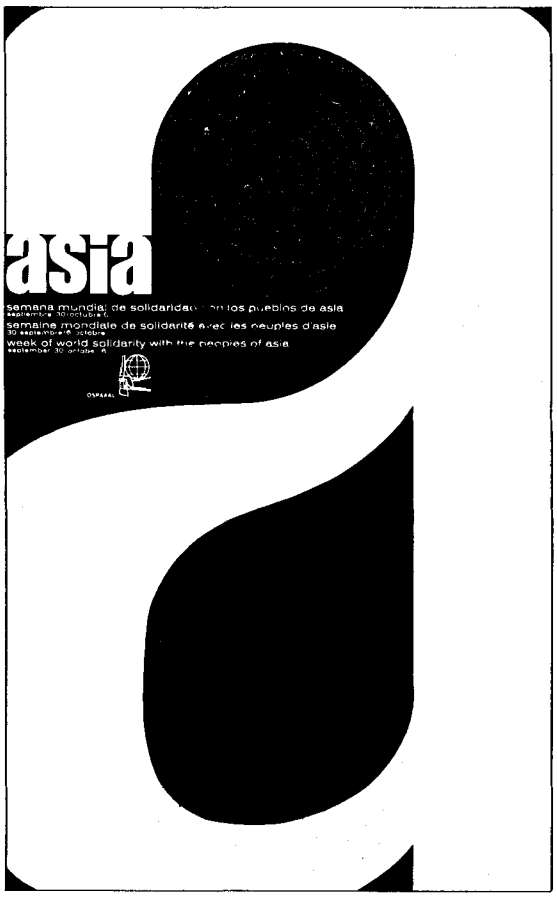
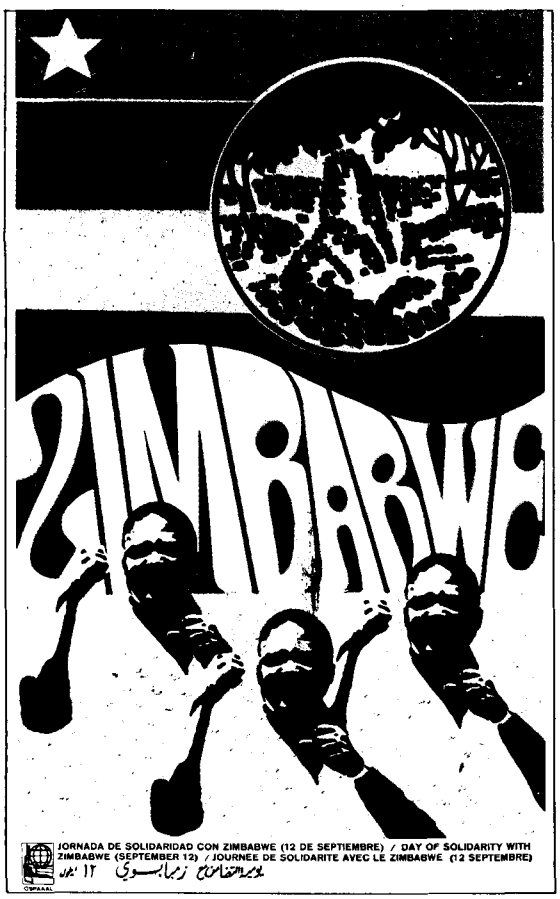
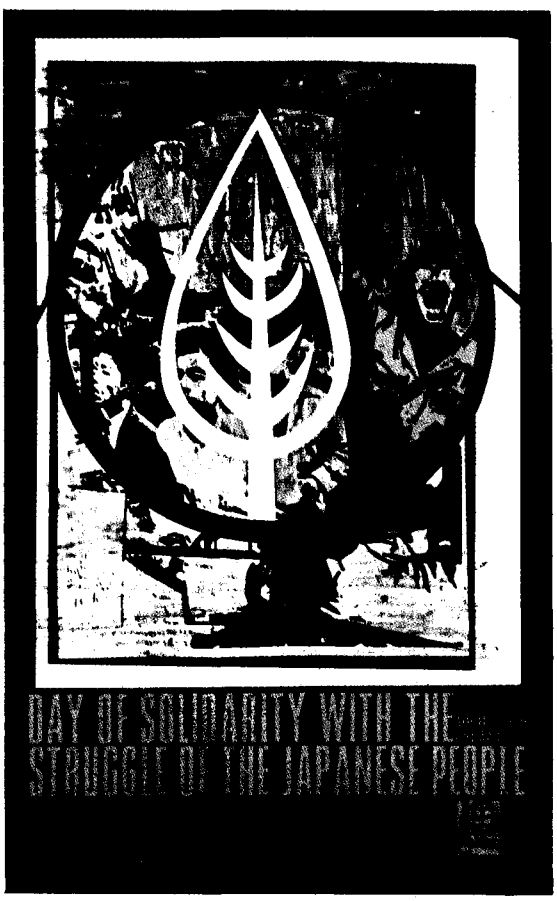



asia
semana mundial de solidaridad con los pueblos de asia
septiembre 30-octubre 6
semaine mondiale de solidarité avec les peuples d'asie
30 septembre-6 octobre
week of world solidarity with the peoples of asia
september 30-octobre 6


ZIMBABWE
JORNADA DE SOLIDARIDAD CON ZIMBABWE (12 DE SEPTIEMBRE) / DAY OF SOLIDARITY WITH ZIMBABWE (SEPTEMBER 12) / JOURNEE DE SOLIDARITE AVEC LE ZIMBABWE (12 SEPTEMBRE)



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Casa De Las Americas:

Casa is Cuba's Academy of the Arts. Its chairwoman is Haydée Santamaría, a participant in the original Moncada Barracks attack and presently one of the most influential ministers in the government.

Therefore *Casa* plays a large part in the lives of Cuba's artists, writers and musicians by sponsoring highly regarded international cultural events of all kinds, as well as using its influence to obtain special allotments of paper, typewriter ribbons, paints and other necessary tools of the artist's craft.

Casa's posters are designed primarily to announce these events and exhibits. The beautiful "Bleeding Rose" (above) was created to publicize a recent festival of protest songs.

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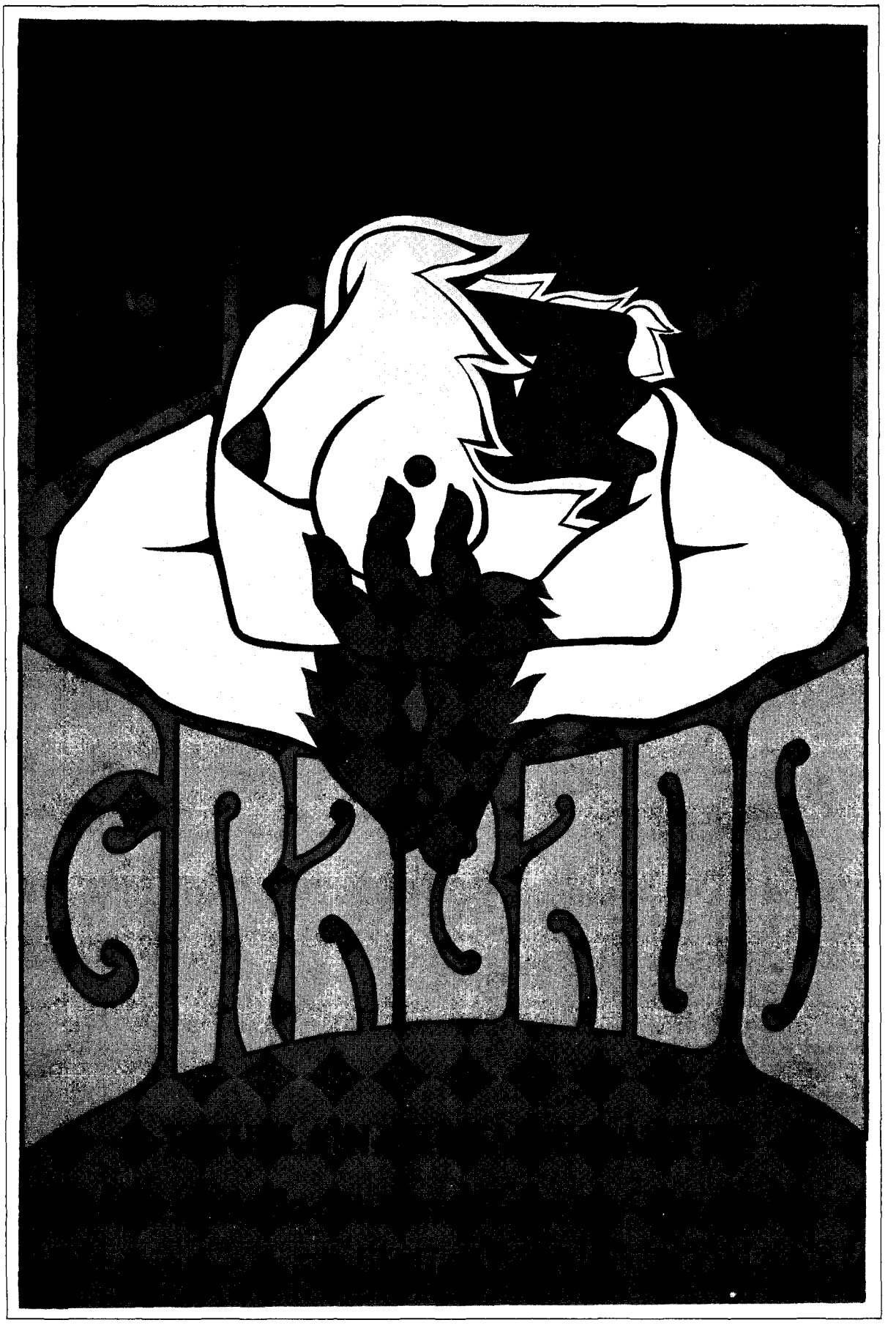

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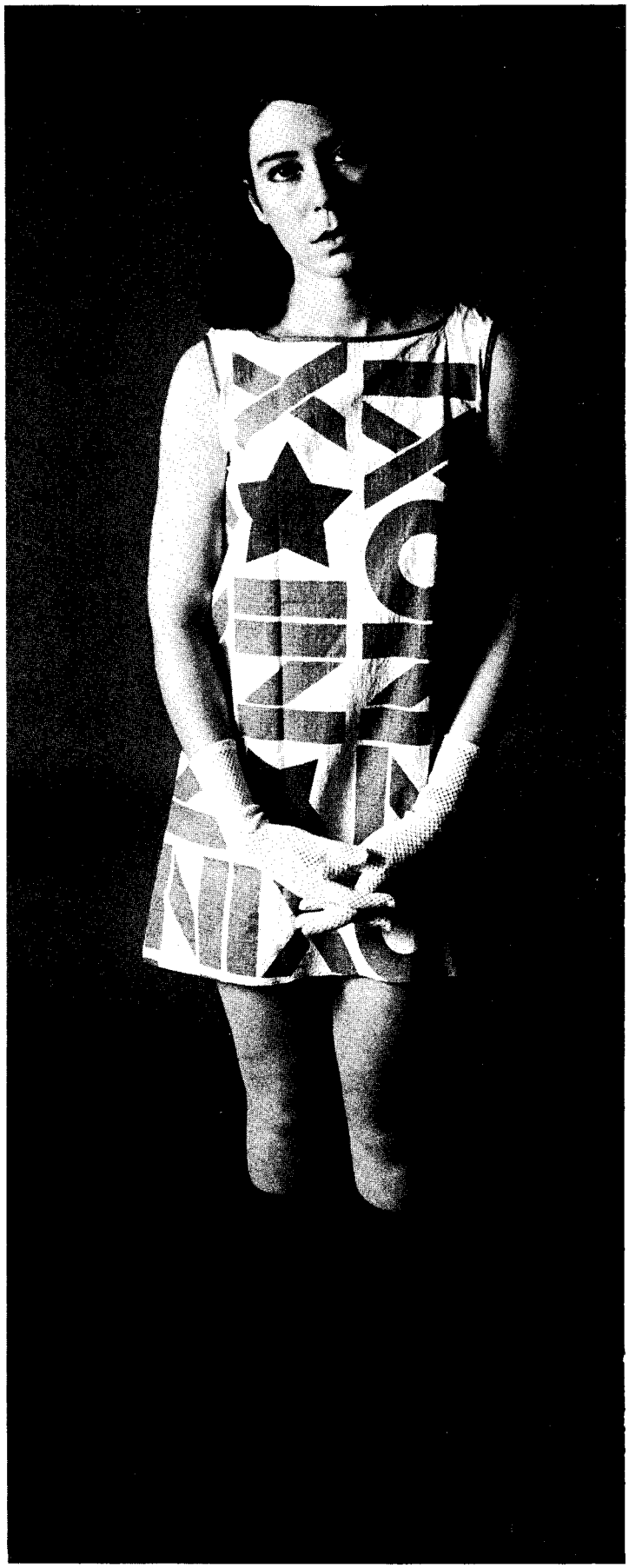
MEMORANDUM TO: *All Nixon Girls.* RE: *The Purpose, Duties, and Responsibilities of the Nixon Girl.* Unless you believe in Mr. Richard Nixon, his Policies, and Realization of the American Dream, don't apply as a Nixon Girl.



INFILTRATING NIXON

by Emma Rothschild

Photograph by George Rosenblatt

IN THE LAST WEEK OF RICHARD NIXON'S presidential campaign he had 150 Nixon Girls working for him in New York. "We use different numbers. One hundred for a rally, thirty for a motorcade, right down to six for a small dinner." This reporter, a non-citizen, was recruited by a Nixon Girl Leader (Leader Nixon Girl? Girl Nixon Leader?) at ten o'clock in the morning on the last Saturday of the campaign. She proved that her mind was right by giving the appropriate signal when asked whether she would consider voting for Hubert Humphrey. She was then allocated a uniform and was relieved to find that she was a fair approximation of the proportions of the consensus. "I'm so glad you're a normal size," said the leader.

One of the benefits of being a Nixon girl is that after the campaign ("when we've won") one gets to keep one's uniform. Nixon Girls wear: a white nylon mini-dress with short sleeves and a slit skirt; a royal blue sweater; royal blue plastic boots; a white scarf bordered in blue and printed with red Republican elephants; a red, white and blue striped ribbon attached to a red and white NIXON-AGNEW medallion about the diameter of a coffee cup; white nylon gloves, and a metal chain belt on which the name "NIXON" is embossed in royal blue plastic. Most girls shorten their own skirts. Underwear is a la carte. When I was a Nixon Girl my chain belt broke and dangled forlornly. "NO NIX," it read.

I changed in a room with three other girls, all blondes—

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one mousy, one black-at-the-roots and one for real. The for real blonde, a big girl aged about thirty, was lying on a couch. "Boy, am I whacked," she was saying. "We danced on stage at Madison Square Garden for nine hours nonstop; oh it was wonderful." The mousy blonde was lacquering the hair of black-at-the-roots. I asked if they had worked for Mr. Nixon before the convention. No, said black-at-the-roots, she'd been modeling before the convention, although it was terrible, she'd gained just so much weight during the campaign.

On the whole the girls came from what one might call a nice class of people. Middle-class people. BATR's father was a prominent member of the Conservative Party, and she lived in a house which Fred Astaire had once occupied. "This whole fall's gone by and I haven't played anything," she said. "The whole of next week I'm going to play tennis and golf every day." She was for Richard Nixon because people respect him. "You may say bad things about your father but you respect him, you really do. And that's what Mr. Nixon is going to bring to this country, respect." She was also a staunch defender of Spiro Agnew, whom she had met while functioning as a Nixon Girl at a fund-raising dinner. She thought people had only been turned against him because of the New York liberal press. "All they see are his fat daughters and his fat wife." Mousy agreed. She had been visiting her family in Ohio and, she said, "You just get such a different picture from hometown papers."

SATURDAY WAS A MOTORCADE DAY. I was given a sheet with the words and music of "Nixon's the One" and a memorandum from the chairman of special events. ("F. *The purpose of a motorcade* is to project a vibrant enthusiastic image of the candidate to the voters. To achieve this, the Girls must meet the public eye to eye. When you wave, wave with meaning and try to contact each individual. People will respond very readily when personal contact is put to use.")

On the way down in the elevator, M and BATR taught me the tune of "Nixon's the One." I looked nervously around and tugged at my uniform. A Nixon Girl. In a public place. One had heard of fearless undercover reporting, but this was ridiculous.

The motorcade—a sound truck, a reconstructed fire engine and seven pastel-toned convertibles—was parked on 42nd Street. The Girl Leader rebuked me for forgetting my white gloves.

("E. *Cooperation*—Certain individuals will be assigned as supervisors. It is imperative that their instructions be followed to the letter.")

M, BATR, a driver, a New Girl and I got into a white Chevrolet, and were told that the first stop was Jamaica High Street. ("When you wave, wave with meaning.") The driver, a heavily made-up young man in a three-piece suit, was a recent dropout from a South Carolina college. He was studying marketing at NYU. "It's less fun," he said, "but you don't get thrown out." BATR asked the New Girl what she did when she wasn't a Nixon Girl. "Well, I've only recently come up from Georgia, but I work as a public relations officer at the American Bible Society."

We crossed the river into Queens with the sound truck blaring "Nixon's the One." ("Who's lifting this land up? Yes! Nix-on's the One! To! Go! With! Nix-on—Remember Dick Nixon. . . .") We all sang the words. Occasionally the sound truck would break into "Colonel Bogey" or the "Marines' Marching Song," the only other tunes in its repertoire. The girls in my car joined in with the words to the marching song. Sing Along with the U.S. Marines on Queens Boulevard. When the motorcade stopped for gas I tried to hand out some matchboxes.

("D. *Example:* Giving out a button. In approaching a person, greet that individual with good morning, good afternoon, or good evening, Sir or Madame. Would you care for a Nixon button?")

But I had picked a loser. "No, thank you, I'm a Democratic precinct worker myself and I can tell you, you won't get a single goddamn vote with this sort of nonsense."

"Bad luck," said BATR. "Of course, New York is a Democratic city. Quite often we have a hard time when the 'cade stops. People spit at us at red lights, and so on. Of course, it's the working class is for Humphrey."

At a red light in Jamaica, someone spat at us—an old drunk black man, who ranted and roared while a couple of neighborhood Panthers fell about laughing. The motorcade was unconcerned. "These Democrats, they'll probably leave the country if Mr. Nixon wins. We soon learn who to wave to and who not." Mr. Nixon's grass root. I wrote in my notebook. "*Help! I am a prisoner in a Nixon bandwagon!!*" When you wave, wave with meaning.

ON THE WAY BACK TO THE CITY, after a triumphant tour of a Flushing shopping center, we reminisced about the campaign. There were a couple of twelve-year-old boys handing out Nixon buttons in French, Italian, Irish and Yiddish. "Teenyboppers for Richard Nixon?" I asked. "Oh no, we prefer to say, 'Future Citizens for Nixon/Agnew.' "

I was asked to be a Nixon Girl for the Victory Party at the Waldorf, although it was not clear what duties would be involved. It seemed that there was a distinction between the Nixonette/Nixonaire style of Nixon Girl, who danced, and the Conservative Party style of Nixon Girl, who was a hostess. At the Madison Square Garden Rally, for example, black-at-the-roots was in charge of arrangements. "There were a thousand orchids sent for leis for Mr. and Mrs. Nixon," she said. "But they weren't stitched together, so we decided to distribute them to the ladies in the $500 seats."

The realization of the American dream. To those who have shall be given. Orchids. From Mrs. Nixon. I left the motorcade ("Goodbye, see you Tuesday, of course we're going to win") and took the subway home, trying desperately to hide my Nixon emblems. I wondered whether I could lose Mr. Nixon any votes by smoking or snarling at voters. But after a day on the bandwagon I did not believe that any mere subway rider was going to vote for Mr. Nixon. What did he know of the Great American Root? Who would be for him on Tuesday? As the train pulled into Grand Central, I read my Memorandum.

("H. *Attitude*—Being a Nixon Girl is not as glamorous as it appears to be. Do your utmost to follow your instructions and maintain public dignity. Whenever you are in public, whether you realize it or not, there are always photographers, pressmen and voters watching you. Your attitude toward the job itself is the key to its successful completion.")

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[Part Two]

Litton Industries; Provin

"Business and industry are our last hope. They are the most realistic elements of our society." — KENNETH B. CLARK, PSYCHOLOGIST, TESTIMONY BEFORE THE KERNER COMMISSION

[TITANS AND OLYMPIANS]

WHILE MOST EYES WERE FOCUSED on the presidential elections, an unprecedented humiliation was being visited upon one of the dinosaurs of the American corporate community. The United Fruit Company—whose board directors and presidents were accustomed to serving the nation as secretaries of State and directors of the CIA, and whose divisional branches exercised unchallenged supremacy over sovereign republics in the banana belt of Central America—found that it was the target of a series of takeover bids. Who would have the nerve?

Twenty-five years ago Textron, Incorporated, was only a diminutive manufacturer of textiles. Since then, however, the firm has acquired a new name and scores of companies spanning 27 industrial categories, and has taken a prominent place in the military-industrial complex. On election eve Textron announced that it was adding United Fruit to its family.

This was not the biggest merger of the year, but it dramatically symbolized the tremendous upheaval that is shifting the corporate foundations of American society. The U.S. is currently in the midst of the largest merger wave in its history, already twice the magnitude of any previous wave and still on the upswing, with no sign of peaking. The main action in this incredible concentration of economic power, accounting for about 90 per cent of all acquisitions in 1968, is going to a new species of corporate organization: the conglomerate. Led by such aerospace giants as Litton Industries, Ling-Temco-Vought (L-T-V) and Textron, the conglomerates are already regarded by many as the heirs apparent to American corporate power. With their feet solidly planted in the military-industrial complex, each has managed to absorb close to a hundred other corporations and to create a composite giant whose scope of industrial enterprise is truly awesome.

This explosive velocity of conglomerate expansion makes the most fantastic projections seem plausible. Litton Industries provides a typical case in point. Fifteen years ago Litton was a $1.5 million electronics firm. Today, employing about 100,000 people in 28 countries, it is worth more than a thousand times as much. The record of L-T-V is equally spectacular. Twenty-two years ago, James J. Ling invested $3000 in an electronics shop in Dallas. Today the successor of that firm, L-T-V, is even bigger than Litton, with $1 billion in assets and $2 billion in sales. Moreover, the expansion of these conglomerates over whole empires seems to have no natural limit, unless it is the economic system itself. Indeed, one enthusiastic reporter of the L-T-V octopus has already run his story under the headline: "It is Theoretically Possible for the Entire United States to Become ONE VAST CONGLOMERATE Presided Over by Mr. James J. Ling." Nor is the prospect one from which Mr. Ling would shrink.

[THE TECHNOLOGY OF PROFIT]

THE VAST ACCRETION OF POWER in the last decade to military-based conglomerates like Litton and L-T-V has caused remarkably little public concern, considering the implications for an ostensibly free society. There are many factors behind this default, but probably the most important one is the least conspicuous. It is the universal conviction that bigness and even monopolistic concentration are inevitable, being the natural and necessary consequences of technological modernity. To protest therefore seems merely to stand in the way of progress, mindlessly repudiating the bounty of the age in favor of nostalgic illusions.

John Kenneth Galbraith, the New Monopolistic State's most urbane, unabashed and best-selling apologist, has expressed the wisdom of the times most eloquently: "By all but the pathologically romantic, it is now recognized that this is not the age of the small man." Is it the quest for monopoly profits that has resulted in the gargantuan enterprises which now dominate the American economy? Certainly not, says Galbraith: "Size is the general servant of technology, not the special servant of profits. The small firm cannot be restored by breaking the power of the larger ones. It would require, rather, the rejection of the technology which since earliest consciousness we are taught to applaud." Modern technology, says Galbraith, requires "planning, specialization and organization," and these require that the market be "superseded," "controlled" or "suspended," which is accomplished primarily by monopolistic concentration.

These statements, exuding all the natural plausibility of conventional wisdom, are wholly seductive. To offer empirical support for the generalizations seems almost superfluous. Yet the actual empirical studies that have been made provide no substantive basis for the thesis that technology requires monopoly—indeed they point strongly in the opposite direction.

Thus, the authoritative study in the field (Joe S. Bain's *Industrial Organization*) concludes that for 80 to 90 per cent of the industries investigated, there is no need for high concentration to make production and distribution efficient. On the other hand, many of the new technologies have a decidedly decentralizing thrust, and as Dr. John M. Blair, chief economist for the Senate antitrust subcommittee, has pointed out, highly monopolistic industries like steel have been decentralizing their assembly plants at the same time that another model of monopolistic concentration, General Electric, has "shut down its huge Schenectady factory while making a veritable religion of decentralization."

If relatively high concentration is not technologically justified for single industry firms, it is hardly justified for the conglomerates, which are made up of randomly acquired companies encompassing diverse product lines and categories.

by David Horowitz with Reese Erlich

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Poverty Pays

For that reason among others, the heads of Litton, like all conglomerate managements, don't like to admit that they are such an enterprise (although their more than 80 companies operate in 18 distinct industrial categories). According to number two man, Roy Ash, Litton's acquisitions have been in fields where its technological capabilities give it a competitive edge. "In truth," comments Fortune, "considerable mental agility is required to perceive an impending technological revolution in some of the businesses Litton has bought—e.g., office furniture."

Litton Industries cannot in fact seriously claim to provide any benefits of integrated production to its jumble of subunits. And if they are sometimes inclined to invoke the salutary but mysterious influence of their mode of central management, when they get down to it the feature of their organization about which they are proudest is just how decentralized it is—with each division manager given his head and acquired companies remaining autonomous and even rivals of their sibling subunits. So the occult potency of Litton's management is like that of the magician who claims to be twice as good as any other because he can conjure a rabbit in a hat *and* make it disappear, all faster than the eye can see. The idea of some arcane technology of management—a notion drawn from military and space prime contracting activities—is Litton's stock in trade. The alternative, that central ownership is just that, that its prime function is to own—i.e., to concentrate financial, industrial and political power—is of course unthinkable.

But the Wall Street Journal did manage to think of it when they interviewed officials of Textron, and they got a rather candid response. Asked the Journal "How can any group of executives maintain control over such dizzyingly varied businesses in most of which they can have had no experience? The answer to the question, say Textron men, is simple. The company has acquired unrelated businesses to make money."

Office furniture aside, Ash's claim that Litton's size facilitates technological innovation reflects another major technological myth of our age: that the giant corporation is a necessary agent for *creating* new technologies. As Galbraith puts it: "A benign providence who, so far, has loved us for our worries, has made the modern industry of a few large firms an almost perfect instrument for inducing technical change. It is admirably equipped for financing technical development. Its organization provides strong incentives for undertaking development and for putting it into use. . . . There is no more pleasant fiction than that technical change is the product of the matchless ingenuity of the small man forced by competition to employ his wits to better his neighbor. Unhappily, it is a fiction. Technical development has long since become the preserve of the scientist and the engineer. Most of the cheap and simple inventions have, to put it bluntly, been made." Once again the record indicates that the "perfect instrument" must somehow be too sublime to do the job.

In an authoritative study of 61 "major contemporary inventions," it was found that only 12 of these could be attributed to the laboratories of large corporations. The jet engine was originated independently in England and Germany by individuals who were unable to interest the aircraft producers in it (the Englishman even allowed his patent to lapse). Kodachrome arose from the experiments of two musicians, "sometimes working in their kitchen sinks between concerts." Other examples of products of individual inventors—often working with primitive equipment—were the first computer (ENIAC), air conditioning, the modern self-winding watch (which was rejected by the Swiss watch companies when it was first offered to them), stereophonic sound reproduction, the syncromesh transmission, neomycin, frequency modulation (FM; it was opposed by RCA) and xerography. In military technology, individuals without organizational support were either responsible for, or played a crucial role in the development of, the gyrocompass, the helicopter, the atomic submarine and the sidewinder missile.

A closer look at the inventions that do come out of the laboratories of the industrial giants should quickly dispel Galbraith's "perfect instrument" idea. Arthur K. Watson, the head of IBM, the very symbol of modern technology in business, pointed out to an International Congress of Accountants in 1962, "The disk memory unit, the heart of today's random access computer, is not the logical outcome of a decision made by IBM management. It was developed in one of our laboratories as a bootleg project—over the stern warning from management that the project had to be dropped because of budget difficulties. A handful of men ignored the warning. They broke the rules. They risked their jobs to work on a project they believed in."

Can it be that the supercorporation of the space age is really all that shortsighted and tightfisted about seeking new technologies? Private industry does after all spend $9 billion a year on research and development (four per cent on basic research, the rest largely on altering, refining, packaging and marketing existing technologies). And of that, the larger firms, those with more than 5000 employees, certainly carry their share. Though they make up only three per cent of the companies doing research, they spend 85 per cent of the total. That looks like pretty extravagant entrepreneurial daring. Of course this investment in the future is made considerably easier for them by the fact that the government puts up 60 cents of every R&D dollar that private industry spends. Moreover, two-thirds of the rest is ultimately charged off as overhead on government contracts.

So it seems that the real entrepreneur is the government, who is not only extraordinarily openhanded about putting up the investment, but agreeably lighthearted about not reaping the profits on it. So agreeable, in fact, that it goes on to buy the product that it financed, at a healthy profit to the surrogate developer. Like buying the Brooklyn Bridge, this must be looked on as an act of peculiar generosity. It is a game where the roles of politician, general, corporate manager and government official are shifted around so rapidly that an embarrassed player can even forget if he is to be the donor or the recipient.

But then again it's not their money. If the corporation is spending the government's money, the government is spending the taxpayer's. If he had a very clear idea of it, the taxpayer might frown on this happy arrangement and spoil all the fun, but his attention is turned toward the welfare pennies allegedly squandered on people who don't work. Whereas the men on the board at Litton have very good jobs indeed.

Overleaf Illustration by Gene Holtan

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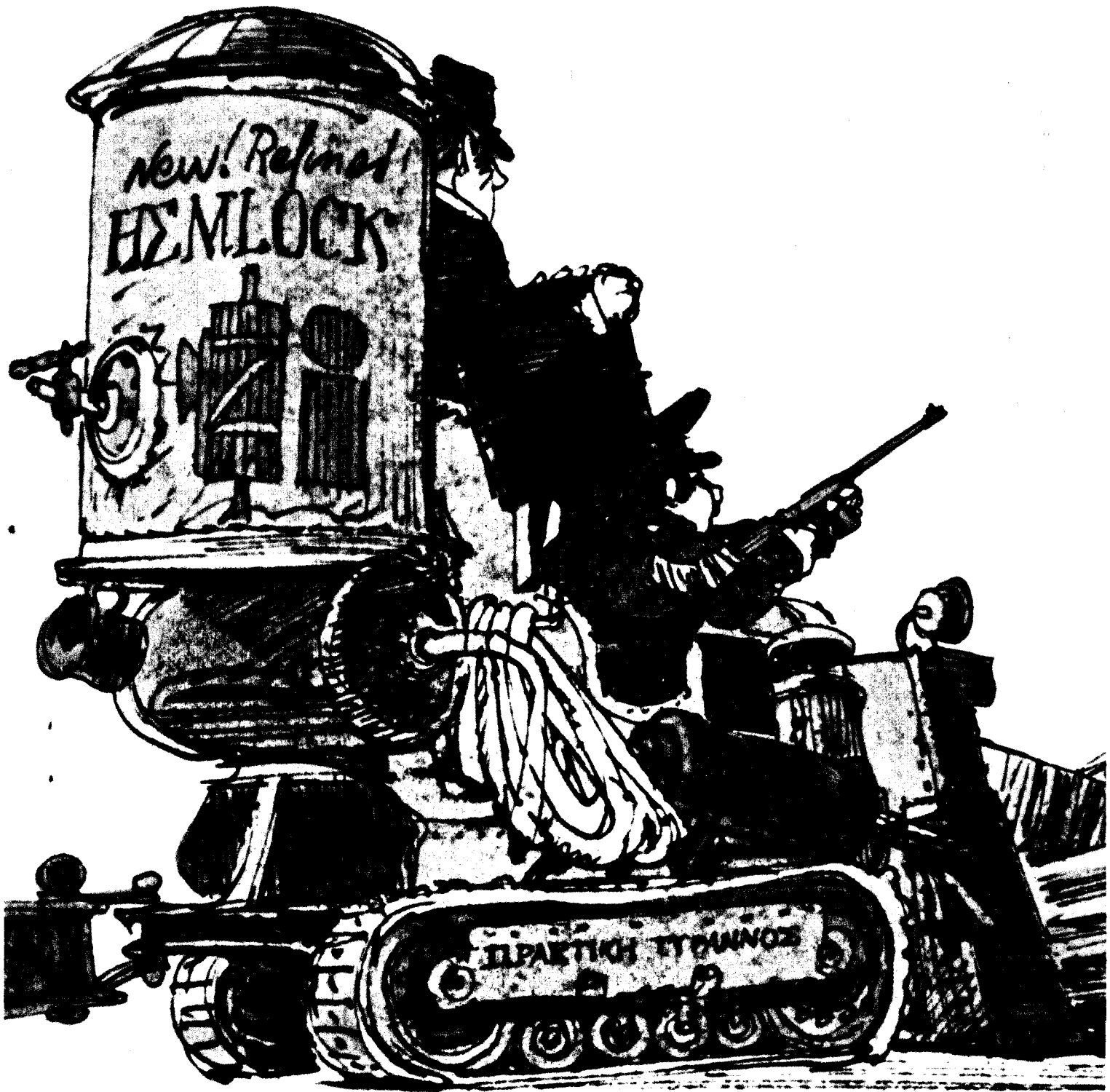

Illustration by Gene Holtan

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Litton Industries is a holding company for its decentrally managed subsidiaries. But Litton is not merely a Beverly Hills address where worldwide profits are mailed to be figured by accountants into grand totals. It is a focal point for an empire's growing economic power which it applies with consummate skill to the great financial and political levers on Wall Street and Washington.

LITTON IS A NEW LORD OF THE CORPORATE REALM; it has ascended to an order of nobility that had seemed at the time of World War II to be virtually closed by a stable system of fiefdoms which each of the major corporations had carved out of the Industrial Revolution, leaving no unclaimed ground on which a new economic power could be built. And in fact, although Litton has achieved sufficient financial strength—by playing an inflated stock market for all it is worth—to acquire properties in the economic heartland inhabited by the older corporations, the original and indispensable basis of Litton's strength was not successful competition in already allocated markets. Litton is first of all lord of a newly opened virgin territory. That is to say, Litton is not an industrial pioneer in traditional markets in the sense that one might characterize Polaroid or Xerox, whose spectacular growths have been based on new products which people have found highly useful. Litton is more the master of a "land grant dominion," dispensed and continuously subsidized by the federal government as part of the unbelievable largesse of the postwar contract state.

The form which these grants take is the military prime "systems" contract, and the region is electronics. A good example is Litton's contract to design, plan, produce and maintain, in accordance with broad requirements, a worldwide fleet of floating military bases. Since the price of a system not yet designed cannot be fixed in advance, in systems contracting the government in effect agrees to pay the corporation back whatever it spends, plus profits. The prime contractor is expected to turn around and subcontract whatever it can't do itself and the government advances funds to cover outlays by the contractor. So you don't really need investment capital or competence to get the job—or the profits.

Obviously it's nice work if you can get it. But who gets it and how? Since the criteria of cash and competence are consigned by government contracting policies to roles of distinctly secondary importance, the importance of a corporation's influence in the federal bureaucracies naturally looms inordinately large. For a long time, corporate political strategy had its focus on military decision makers, whether generals or civilians. However, as the military budget has become a permanent factor of major proportions in the economy as a whole, the ramifications of its spending policies have grown more and more extensive. From its contract to build the floating base system, for example, Litton gained facilities and expertise—at taxpayers' expense—which have given it the inside track on the civilian shipbuilding industry as well. More importantly, neither military policy nor the Defense bureaucracy is divorced from the rest of the national political structure, and the political power gained by the successful prime contractors in the military field has become an important basis for extending their field of operation to other areas where the federal government exercises responsibility and allocates its huge budget.

With an eye to the immense dominions of largesse still to be granted by the sovereign power, Litton has been careful to keep its representatives at court and to keep a foot in every available political door. Among its executives and directors are Defense Department secretaries and military generals, highly influential Democrats and equally important Republicans, liberal Humphrey supporters and the chief financial backer of Ronald Reagan—in short, the whole spectrum of legitimized political power (and potential contract dispensation). With its expansive political network as a foundation, Litton has been in the forefront of the move to extend systems contracting to nonmilitary fields. Litton was the first private contractor to take over responsibility for a War on Poverty Job Corps project and the first corporation to apply the systems approach to the economic development program of an entire geographical region (in Greece), and its distinctive mode of operation in these instances provides an ominous portent of things to come. Litton's career follows what may turn out to be the most natural line of development for the huge and continuously growing conglomerate corporations as they overflow the traditional limits which have contained them.

[CONTRACTING DEVELOPMENT]

"*Litton is a world-wide organization dedicated to utilizing the discoveries of modern science by converting them into useful goods and services—products that bolster the Free World's vital economic base and defend the inflexible ideal of human freedom.*"

—LITTON INDUSTRIES' ANNUAL REPORT TO STOCKHOLDERS, 1963

ON APRIL 21, 1967, A SUDDEN coup d'etat in Greece sent a shudder through Europe. The coup, carried out by junior officers to forestall an impending liberal electoral victory, represented a shift so far to the right that the conservative monarchy was eventually thrown into opposition and the king virtually deposed. The epithet "fascist" was thrown in the face of the regime as it quickly filled the jails with thousands of political prisoners. And for the first time in non-Iberian Europe since World War II, the term rang true. The governments of Norway and Denmark immediately tried to have the Greek junta kicked out of NATO, and later out of the Council of Europe. Other West European governments signified their disapproval but reserved action. Even Washington, whose military and intelligence agencies were implicated in the coup, held back any immediate support. Then, three weeks after the overthrow, when the new regime was still unstable and the adverse worldwide reaction held out the possibility that the junta might disintegrate and fall, a gesture of support was made by one of the largest U.S. corporations, one with a reputation for having powerful connections in the White House and the Pentagon.

That corporation was Litton Industries. The gesture was the agreement by Litton to be prime contractor on a "development" program for Greece.

In keeping with Litton's usual strategy, the agreement was on a cost-plus basis, with Litton agreeing to procure $840 million in capital for Greece over a 12-year period. In return, the military junta agreed to repay Litton its costs plus 11 per cent, plus a commission of about two per cent on all capital that Litton succeeded in steering to Greece. For readers whose

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minds are fixated on the concept of private enterprise as in some sense free or competitive, the significance of this kind of contract might be spelled out once again. Litton itself risks nothing. Every month Litton files invoices for its costs, and in 15 days it gets back everything it has paid out plus a profit of 11 per cent. As explained by Robert M. Allan Jr., president of Litton International Development Corporation and head of Litton's program in Greece, "The return on investment here, of course, is very large because we don't have any basic investment. Our real investment is our good name which of course is the most valuable thing we own." Litton's good name (and contacts) were indeed attractive assets for the military regime.

Another was Litton's promotional expertise, which was promptly directed to the vital task of convincing Americans —particularly very important Americans—of the virtues of iron rule in Athens. The key figure in Litton's PR work for the junta is Barney Oldfield, Litton International's chief public information officer, who, according to spokesmen for the Greek resistance, runs the pro-junta propaganda campaign both in Athens and in the United States. Oldfield, who was an Air Force colonel before going to Litton, got his PR training as chief public information officer for NATO in Europe and has excellent Pentagon and Republican connections.

To the uninitiated, it might seem strange that the former chief PR man for NATO—a military alliance allegedly formed to defend freedom—should suddenly become a salesman for a totalitarian dictatorship in Greece, but Oldfield's behavior is certainly within the norms laid down by Washington. Thus on May 17, 1968, a year after the coup (and a good deal of Litton politicking), Washington softened its attitude towards the junta. Secretary of Defense Clark Clifford went before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee to ask support for an administration proposal for $661 million in military aid to the dictatorships of Korea, Turkey, Iran, Taiwan and Greece. Of the latter, Clifford said: "The obligations imposed on us by the NATO alliance are far more important than the kind of government they have in Greece or what we think of it."

One of Litton's most important services to the junta prior to its reception into the Free World fold was performed by Litton's president, Tex Thornton, six months earlier in September 1967. Following a meeting of the governors of the World Bank in Rio de Janeiro, Costas Thanos, a high Greek official whom Columbia University has accused of plagiarizing his PhD thesis, and Demetrius Galanis, governor of the Bank of Greece, traveled to New York for a planned banquet with American bankers. At the urging of the U,S. State Department, however, the American bankers decided not to attend. Thanos then flew to Washington and requested meetings with Vice President Humphrey; Secretary of the Treasury Fowler; Congressman Mendel Rivers, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee; and Speaker of the House John McCormack. The Greeks wanted to talk to these powerful American politicians about increased foreign aid and a resumption of full military assistance. However, all four men declined to meet Thanos and Galanis, again because of a negative sign from the State Department. Faced with this crisis, the Greeks naturally turned to their powerful ally, Litton.

Tex Thornton immediately flew to Washington in his private plane, ostensibly to attend a meeting of the President's Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders, of which he was a member, but also to pull some of Litton's golden political strings. Within days, the doors of the four politicians were opened to the representatives of the Greek colonels, while the State Department fumed.

WHILE THORNTON'S BEHIND-THE-SCENES maneuvering was building up pressure for an eventual resumption of military aid to the Greek regime, the junta's first real break came with the announcement of a $12.5 million loan from the World Bank. This was the first solid evidence of external financial support for the regime. (After the coup, the European Economic Community —more popularly known as the Common Market—which had in 1962 made available $125 million in loans to Greece, refused the ordinarily automatic extension of time allowed for drawing the funds. Having used less than half of the total, Greece lost a $70 million credit.) It happens that the World Bank loan was one of the first issued under its new president, Tex Thornton's old breakfast chum Robert McNamara. So this might look like a classic case of friendly persuasion. In fact, however, most observers discount Litton's role.

Ironically it is Litton itself which, rather than issuing demure protestations of innocence, has sought to create the impression —among those who don't already know better—that it was not only responsible for the loan, but that if the Greek junta wants any more loans from the World Bank it will have to go through the Beverly Hills conglomerate. When you are marketing a reputation for prowess and success, Don Juanism can be a valued accusation.

Foreign capital, representing foreign confidence, was obviously a high priority for the Greek junta. One full page ad which the junta ran in the New York Times was headed: "Greece: Ideal Country For Investors." The ad underscored the stability of the internal political situation as a major encouragement to investment, in contrast to the turbulent days of Greek democracy. This was echoed in a speech two months later by Litton's Robert Allan. According to Allan, there were four basic ingredients of national growth in Litton's view: capital, know-how, incentive and "stability of environment." As Allan explained, "If a government will restrain itself from outbursts which create long pauses among investors, and potential investors . . . then we have a working partnership."

Allan's speech went on to attack such opponents of the Greek junta as actress Melina Mercouri and former Cabinet Minister Andreas Papandreou, who were described as "an aging actress without a play" and "an agitating professor out of work." "Their country," Allan declaimed, "which owes its very existence to soldiers who fought for its survival, they say is now in poor hands because the same men rule it." (Actually it was the Communist-led guerrillas who liberated Greece in World War II.)

Readers may be wondering if this kind of double-think is reserved by Litton executives for public occasions and formal addresses. Partly to find out, RAMPARTS went down to Beverly Hills to interview Robert Allan, who describes himself as working "for the Greek people." By the time RAMPARTS spoke with Allan, several authenticated descriptions of the terror in Greece and the torture of political prisoners had already been smuggled out of that country and circulated in the international press. Writing of one of the island prisons five months after the coup, Newsweek observed: "Tradition has it

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that the Emperor Tiberius, one of the cruelest Roman rulers, refused out of simple humanity to imprison any of his subjects on the treeless, waterless Aegean island of Yioura. No such scruples, however, inhibit the present military rulers of Greece who, soon after their coup last April, filled Yioura's cellblocks and tent camps with 6500 of their fellow citizens."

Alluding to similar reports documenting the torture of Greek prisoners, Allan went into a monologue right out of 1984: "I satisfied myself that most of these prisoners in Greece are living on an island, the way you and I'd live on Catalina. They're free to come and go as they wish. A lot of fresh air and a lot of sunshine, but no communication. It isn't the way that you and I would like to see something done, but they couldn't stand any more riots. The whole nation was just going into chaos, and this was their way of answering it. I've also tried to my best ability to determine what went on, and as far as I could determine, there was no more torture or beatings than they would have in a normal police station anywhere in the world . . . which, God knows, none of us like, but do go on."

The reason that Litton likes the military junta, as Allan freely admits, is because the junta "provided the atmosphere in which things can get done," and in particular an atmosphere in which Litton could do them: prior to the coup, the Litton contract had been turned down by several Greek parliaments. The very structure and strategy of Litton as a business enterprise gravitates toward the military and the state, and toward authoritarian regimes. The Litton-Greece contract has been followed up by parallel schemes for Portugal and Turkey. In conversation, Allan's thoughts drift toward the dictatorships of Nicaragua, Indonesia and Taiwan, as examples of countries where he'd like to try the "Greek approach."

THIS GRAVITATION TOWARD THE STATE is a function of the systems approach, as is the particular preference for the state's authoritarian forms. The primary features of the systems approach are its dependence on state financing and its need to override the sovereignty of the people. So while one might think that the overall economic development of Crete and the Western Peloponnesus was the proper concern of the people who live in the area and of a representative government of the people, under the Greek-Litton arrangement it is Litton who draws up the overall development plan. "In Greece," explains Tex Thornton, "our objective is not to single out one economic activity, but to apply the systems approach to building a future for that historic nation."

What specifically did Litton's space-age systems-oriented management propose for launching Greece out of its morass of poverty and underdevelopment and into the modern era? "Our primary thrust," Allan explained, "is to develop tourism." If tourism were indeed a lever of development, rather than one of the chief syndromes of economic dependence and underdevelopment, then the West Indies, Spain and Greece itself would long ago have become industrial nations. Old-fashioned imperialism begins to look economically progressive compared to what Litton is proposing! The old imperialists at least dug a mine, built a port (financed by the colony's taxes) and ran a road or a railway from the mine to the port. What Litton has in mind, according to one business magazine, are "hotels, roads leading to hotels, the airport where hotel guests can land, supplies of food and water, handicraft manufacture [for tourist trading posts, no doubt], recreation facilities," etc. In other words, a Disneyland economy with an ample supply of colorful locals to service the pavilions and their visitors. Naturally, Litton's Stouffer Division will supply the hotels.

Perhaps the worst aspect of this is that Allan knows Litton's plan is a bitter prescription for the Greeks. In person he will admit that it won't really meet the long-term needs of the Greek economy. But if there is something offensive about the transformation of the crucible of Western civilization into another Honolulu, then again, worse things could happen. "I don't approve of it, and I hope Greece won't have it happen," Allan told RAMPARTS, "but gee, Honolulu in ten years has gone from here to here [raising his hand over his head] as far as volume of input is concerned."

In addition to the Honolulu complex, Litton has plans for "agricultural development." These feature a system of artesian wells which Allan says would save about $72 million over the cost of a planned system of irrigation dams. Litton also has assigned its computers to wrestle with the problem of the price of brussels sprouts in the West German market, and it is talking of making Crete a major producer of this basic foodstuff. Finally, an international developer from Wichita, Kansas, has submitted a plan to Litton proposing the construction of 300 townhouses, at a cost of $7000 each, in the Western Peloponnesus. The average Greek—for whom the houses, needless to say, are not planned—would have to spend his entire annual income for more than 15 years to buy such an item.

If Litton succeeds in its "development" plans, it is evident that the result will be merely to extend the economic and social blight which has characterized Greece's postwar dependence on the United States and on U.S. investment in tourism, oil refining (Esso-Pappas) and Coca-Cola. However, there are signs that Litton may not be succeeding even in this modest endeavor. Under the terms of the original contract of May 1967, Litton had committed itself, as a starter, to attracting $60 million in foreign capital to Greece by May 1969. With two-thirds of the period gone, Litton has attracted only $3.5 million, or about six per cent of its projected goal. Most of this investment represents Litton's own capital; none of it is in industrial or agricultural projects. Not only has Litton failed to attract any substantial capital (or to invest much of its own), even the research and feasibility studies were not prepared by its own high-powered managerial talent. According to highly placed sources, Litton has been digging up old economic feasibility studies prepared by academics (including the arch opponent of the military regime, Andreas Papandreou), Greek government economists and economic consultants.

All this led to rumors that the junta would not renew the contract with Litton in May. To scotch these rumors, Litton announced plans for a $3 million German brewery, a $350,000 electronics assembly plant (a Litton subsidiary), a $3.8 million Stouffer hotel in Crete and a multimillion dollar tourist complex in the Western Peloponnesus. But while speculation developed as to whether these plans would materialize, Litton was dramatically upstaged by another entrant onto the scene, the newly-wed Aristotle Onassis.

Ten days after Washington had resumed delivery of major military equipment to Greece, thus offering its imprimatur for the regime and a new guarantee of its stability, Onassis announced his own systems approach: a $400 million investment package (the largest ever made in Greece) in tourist

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facilities, an airport in Athens, an aluminum processing plant (in conjunction with Reynolds) with a companion thermo-electric power plant, a shipyard, and an oil refinery which, according to initial reports, would be "bound to make more money than all the action in Las Vegas." So it seems that for all his private plane trips and brussels sprouts, Tex Thornton may have been out-hustled by a local boy.

If Onassis has upstaged Litton it is not simply on the basis of national solidarity. The Greek government finds Onassis important because he deals in the kind of old-line imperial enterprises that are part of the basic economy—he owns one of the world's great tanker fleets and will soon be producing his own oil. In contrast, Litton's major thrust is in advanced technologies and knowledge industries geared to markets in highly developed environments. So all it could really attempt in Greece was to exploit the government without exploiting the economy, and there is just not enough loose money around in the country to sustain such an arrangement. The opportunities of underdevelopment were enticing, but Litton was ill-equipped to profit from them.

The perfect situation for Litton would be an underdeveloped area with an overdeveloped government which would be less discerning about results than the colonels. An impossible dream?

Not at all. Litton had already found it—at home.

[CONTRACTING POVERTY]

"THE INPUT—THE RAW MATERIAL—that is fed into this machine is people. The output is people. It is the function of this machine to transform these people." That is the philosophy of "education" held by John H. Rubel, vice president of Litton's Economic Development Division, as expressed in a letter to Sargent Shriver. Rubel, formerly assistant secretary of Defense under Robert McNamara, is credited with having convinced Shriver to award Job Corps contracts to private enterprise rather than strictly to educational institutions. Of course, it was only fair that Litton should get one of the first contracts: the Parks Job Corps Center in Pleasanton, California.

Litton's predictably titled Educational Systems Division includes many valuable properties, such as the American Book, D. Van Nostrand and Chapman-Reinhold publishing companies. They also serve as program administrators for Oakland Community College in Bloomfield Hills, Michigan. Its most important enterprise, however, is the Parks Center, because the Job Corps is the opening wedge for Litton's entrance into the potential treasure houses of social welfare and education.

Litton's public relations department celebrates the Parks Job Corps camp as a free enterprise success story. Recently, Parks placed its 5000th "graduate" in a job; the center has thus placed more of its graduates than any other Job Corps camp in the country. Of course, the PR men neglect to mention that the number one "employer," accounting for roughly 40 per cent of Parks' graduates, is the U. S. military.

Litton administrators consider Viet-Nam a highly desirable placement for their predominantly black corpsmen. The waiting room of the placement office, where each graduate of the nine-month course goes to inquire about future employment, is plastered with posters urging, nondenominationally, enlistment in the Army, Navy, Air Force or Marines. A life-size cardboard cutout of a sharp looking black soldier salutes the graduate as he steps in the door. Piles of brochures invite him to learn "The Secret of Getting Ahead in Today's Action Army." And lest the message be forgotten, on the way out a flashing sign reminds him: DESIRABLE LOCATION—YOUR U. S. ARMY—TRAINING GUARANTEED WITH BIG BUSINESS—YOUR CHOICE OF SCHOOLS—STEADY ADVANCEMENT.

Of course where enticement fails, there is always induction. Every week an IBM print-out announces the names of those at the Parks Center who have turned eighteen. Each one must then register for the draft with a Litton employee, conveniently certified by the local Hayward board. Upon graduation, Litton notifies the corpsman's draft board of his new educational achievements. (Litton arranges for the majority of its enrollees at Parks to receive a high school equivalency diploma, which makes those who had been deferred due to low scores on the Army mental aptitude exam eligible for retesting.) Al Cassell, the head of placement at the Parks Center, explained: "We get draft notices by the hundreds every day. We furnish the draft board with information relative to the training level achieved by the young man. . . . We take him to Hayward and have him retested. . . . If he passes . . . the Hayward testing center notifies his local board, and they in turn will usually draft him."

Even if the corpsman does not improve his score on the test, his new high school diploma might well make him eligible for induction. At one time, in a kind of reciprocal trade arrangement, Litton kept a Job Corps recruiter at the frequently embattled Oakland Induction Center in California. Many ineligible draftees, led to believe that they would become qualified for a high paying job in industry, enrolled in the program only to find themselves returned full circle at the end of the course. Two sergeants from Hayward go out to the Parks Job Corps Center every day. No other prospective employers have permanent recruiters there.

VERNON ALDEN, PRESIDENT OF OHIO UNIVERSITY, envisioned the Job Corps as a place that would "offer a new environment where hopes can be lifted and skills developed free from the shackles of oppressive and antagonistic surroundings." So much for visions.

Litton's Job Corps center, located on an unused Navy base, is surrounded by a barbed wire fence with checkpoints manned by Litton-employed guards. The 2000 corpsmen sleep in open bay Army barracks, wear green uniforms, march to their meals at the mess hall, and are hauled off to the brig when they misbehave. The young men arriving at Parks are not exactly prepared for such an environment. Most of them have been signed up by the Litton recruiters who are stationed throughout the poverty areas of the nation advertising the wealth of opportunity in California. Since Litton's contract with the Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO) depends on a sufficient number of enrollees, the recruiters use every possible means to lure them. Of course, they give the standard come-on: training for a good-paying job, the equivalent of a high school diploma, $30-a-month spending money, a $50-a-month bonus upon graduation for time completed, and a chance to get away from home. There is also exotic talk of pools and girls, private rooms with TV's—even draft deferments!

If getting them there is half the battle for Litton, keeping them there is the other half. When a new enrollee decides that

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life was better back home, even though home may have been a decaying urban slum, his request to leave is met with hostility by Litton officials. He is told that he cannot leave for at least 90 days for any reason other than a death in the immediate family. Moreover, if he wants to quit at any time prior to the end of his nine-month course, he must pay his own way home, often halfway across the country.

Those who protest this policy too loudly are "quieted" by muscular counselors or hauled off to the brig. Some become desperate. A psychiatric social worker at Parks reported that he had been assigned to work with a young boy from Dallas, Texas, who had sliced his arm open in an attempt to get out. But even with all of Litton's tenacity, 55 per cent drop out before the end of the course.

Justice at Camp Parks is supposed to be administered by a Center Review Board (CRB) comprised of corpsmen and Litton people. But by disciplinary counselor Lindsay Johnson's own admission, the board is his rubber stamp: "I have a good working relationship with the CRB," he notes. "They do whatever I tell them to."

While Job Corps discipline is harsh, it is not really like the Army's. As one Parks teacher told RAMPARTS, "It isn't feasible to take these kids off the streets . . . and put them in the equivalent of boot camp, especially since the counselors aren't armed." Rather, Litton does try, in its own words, to "rehabilitate the entire social perspective" of the corpsmen, including particularly their work ethics and attitude toward authority. As Pat Coughlin, Parks' program coordinator for occupational training told us, "If the boss tells [the corpsman] to pick up a broom and sweep the floor, he's got to learn not to tell the boss what to do with the broom."

If the physical surroundings at the Parks Center are grim and the general atmosphere intimidating, the educational operation is laughable. The Basic Education program is intended to bring the corpsman's reading and arithmetic skills up to a level appropriate to the specific job skills in which he is to be trained. The curriculum materials for the reading course, developed by Litton, are somewhat unusual. The pre-test, which determines the student's reading level before he takes the course, and the post-test, which determines his level upon completion of the course, are identical. In addition, the actual teaching materials used during the course and those used to measure any improvement contain the same text and exercises as do the pre-test and post-test. Of course, this setup merely passes off the repeatedly coached memorization of a particular passage as the ability to read. But schemes like this enable Litton to present impressive statistical evidence "documenting" their expertise in educating underprivileged youth—a cruel but profitable joke. When a Parks teacher complained that all the enrollees were only learning how to improve their scores on one particular test, the head of Litton's curriculum development at Parks replied, "We're not doing anything here that college fraternities don't do for their members." True enough. Still, no college fraternity has yet been awarded a $25 million government contract to educate ghetto youth.

Aside from such relatively subtle deceptions, there is doubt about the simple veracity of the figures used in the statistics Litton has put out about Parks. According to Professor William Austin, former president of the Parks Federation of Teachers and Counselors, "Public relations officers kept putting out fake figures. . . . One would hear about this number of corpsmen being placed in job positions and this number of corpsmen demonstrating academic success by various grade levels. . . . All of it was nonsense. . . . There was so much pressure on supervisors to produce figures that in general people just faked them. . . . Fifty per cent or more of the corpsmen didn't make it to class . . . if a corpsman quit after having completed just one module out of 15 in the total training, he would be considered a 'graduate.' "

Austin feels that educating the corpsmen is not Litton's primary concern. "The corpsmen didn't mean a damn thing," Austin reported. "There was a lot of very expensive equipment around which nobody had any idea how to use. . . ."

ALONG WITH ITS DISPLAY OF EDUCATIONAL INGENUITY in the management of the Job Corps Center, Litton has exhibited those lucrative skills which have made it a leader among defense contractors. It subcontracts to its own divisions as a means of maximizing profits while minimizing service. Litton originally received from OEO a $12.8 million cost-plus contract with a fixed but redeterminable fee for running the Job Corps Center. It then decided to buy unnecessary textbooks from the American Book Publishing Company, a member of Litton Educational Systems. A General Accounting Office (GAO) investigation later showed that $337,000 worth of American Book Publishing Company textbooks lined closet shelves at Parks. According to a copyrighted story in the Denver Post, "Among the books it bought for Job Corpsmen, many of whom could barely read, were textbooks on the theory of relativity, the stock market and the slide rule."

This same GAO report noted that there was, in the words of the San Francisco Chronicle, "a devastating picture of high costs, waste and disciplinary problems at a Job Corps Center [Parks] in California. After two years of operation the estimated cost of the Center had jumped from $12.8 million to $25.5 million, the dropout rate was 55 per cent and only eight per cent of the enrollees were placed in jobs related to their training."

Given what is known about Parks, it is not surprising that a great deal of racism is exhibited there. One new employee, upon arriving at the gate, was met by a guard who hailed him with, "So you're another one coming out here to help these dumb niggers." But far more unnerving was the surrealistic scene—straight out of *Invisible Man*—when a Litton executive flew over Parks in his private plane dropping dollar bills to the corpsmen assembled below. Litton officials amused themselves by watching the young men trample each other in a frantic effort to grab the money. A former Litton employee remarked that the object of the "airlift" was to "see how fast the niggers could run."

Litton, in keeping with a gentleman's agreement with officials of the semi-suburban towns near Camp Parks, has forbidden corpsmen to enter them. Young men from the Parks Center have reported that whenever they ventured into one of the neighboring communities, they were returned to Parks by local police, although they had created no disturbances. Litton's idea of community relations is to keep the cages locked during the week and to bus the corpsmen on weekends to "hospitality houses" in the nearby cities of San Francisco and Oakland.

According to Professor Austin, living conditions and

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sanitary facilities at Parks were at times worse than those in the big city ghettos the corpsmen came from. At one point, hygiene conditions in the dormitories were so bad that Austin approached public health people at the University of California to ask what could be done. The answer seemed to be "nothing," because the center was located on a military base leased to a private company, and no one knew if county health officials had any right to enter the base.

IF LITTON WAS RUNNING PARKS SO POORLY, why didn't the government step in and enforce its contract? The answer is that in the spring of 1967, the OEO did try to enforce part of its contract with Litton. The teachers union at Parks had been refused a room to meet in at the center after working hours, a denial which violated both the National Labor Relations Act and Job Corps bulletin 67-12. Despite the intervention of W. P. Kelly, a director of the Job Corps; Richard Groulx, an executive of the Alameda County Central Labor Council; and several arbitrators from the OEO office in Washington, Litton was able not only to refuse to meet with anyone, but also to fire the president, two vice presidents and the secretary-treasurer of the teachers union for "disloyalty to the company." The last OEO arbitrator, Hyman Bookbinder, commented to Groulx and union officials that the OEO was unable to enforce the terms of its contract with Litton.

During the teachers' strike at Parks that resulted from Litton's action, Senators Robert Kennedy, Joseph Clark and George Murphy of the Senate Subcommittee on Employment, Manpower and Poverty, were in San Francisco on a nationwide tour of the Poverty Program. The senators curiously reversed their original plan to visit Parks, and showed no interest in discussing the situation there with Parks teachers and corpsmen. Cynics said it was possibly because Litton was one of the largest contributors to the Democratic Party, of which Kennedy and Clark were members.

In a recent paper, Professor Austin observed, "Job Corps facilities have been a popular form of educational experimentation for these companies, allowing them to train their staffs and develop materials on taxpayers' dollars." The real profits will come, it is hoped, from supplying the physical plant, audio-visual equipment, curriculum materials and "experts" to educational programs in large cities.

Companies like Litton are planning to subcontract a city's *complete* school system, claiming to be able to meet whatever contractual standards are set more "efficiently" than local school boards could. This will be a tempting offer to the often hard-pressed, bewildered city officials whose school systems have been bogged down by almost total impotence. And for the community, dumping the whole complex educational crisis into the lap of Litton's "experts" would seem a blessed relief.

[CONCLUSION]

BUT COMMUNITY EXHAUSTION WITH social problems is by no means the only thing that the process of business supplanting government has going for it. Government agencies depend on the political influence of business to help them compete for funds and authority. Those which engage in lucrative contracting methods naturally receive the most enthusiastic support, while recalcitrant agencies and programs suffer. This was the pattern in military contracting in the '50s, when prime contracting started with the Air Force and spread to the Army, and later to the Navy. The Air Force was contracting out whole weapons systems, and the contractors, naturally, became a powerful lobby for that service. Thus the Army found itself losing valuable missiles appropriations in Congress to its rival. The Air Force had upped the ante, and the Army was forced to meet the price. Like a protection syndicate, business gives security to those who cooperate with it.

Now, as government social agencies struggle for funds, the Wall Street Journal reports that, "Business is turning into an important force for pushing embattled domestic proposals through Congress." And an executive of the Department of Housing and Urban Development—whose special advisor, General Bernard Adolph Schriever, is called the "space general" for his role in NASA—is quoted as saying: "Each agency has gradually developed a list of firms interested in its field . . . we don't keep them turned on all the time, but we know how to turn them on. . . ."

Among the businessmen who are throwing their support behind constructive social welfare programs is James J. Ling, mastermind of Ling-Temco-Vought, which ranks 38th in Fortune magazine's 1968 listings, six notches ahead of Litton. A recent interview with Ling in the Chicago Tribune indicates the perspective of one of the most important new men of conglomerate power. If and when L-T-V reaches a point where it absorbs the competition or where it is number one on Fortune's list, reports the Tribune, Ling would be willing to consider a political role for himself.

Ling usually votes Republican, though he contributed to the Kennedy, Johnson and Humphrey campaigns and was a delegate to this year's Democratic convention. He doubts that he has the temperament to obtain elective office, but he might accept a cabinet post, preferably as secretary of Defense or secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. Ling's ideas on the latter position are described by the Tribune as "interesting." And so they are. Says Ling: "Once you make a taxpayer of these hard-core unemployables, you're moving towards a solution. It's the old Hitler solution. You teach them by force. You make it mandatory and send them to a government compound. Males at twenty-one, females at eighteen. You teach them personal hygiene, the rudiments of life. It's nothing new. The New Deal, with its NRA, CCC, etc., made tremendous social reforms."

One doesn't know what transpired between the interviewer and the wizard of Dallas at this point; the report continues: "Then again, Ling admits: 'I can't buy it, it opposes free will. But if you could only computerize it,' he sighs. 'Figure the requirements of industry, how many of *this* skill and *that* skill are required, take all the people who want to learn and can't, seek them out. . . .' "

Corporations like L-T-V and Litton Industries are feeding the whole range of social problems into their computers. Will they be the ones called upon to solve them? It may be that there are just enough people who will take comfort in the idea that however bad things look, Big Brother is already there extending a helping hand.

Researchers on this story: Jan Austin, William Goodman, Jack Scott, Lee Webb, Peter Wiley.

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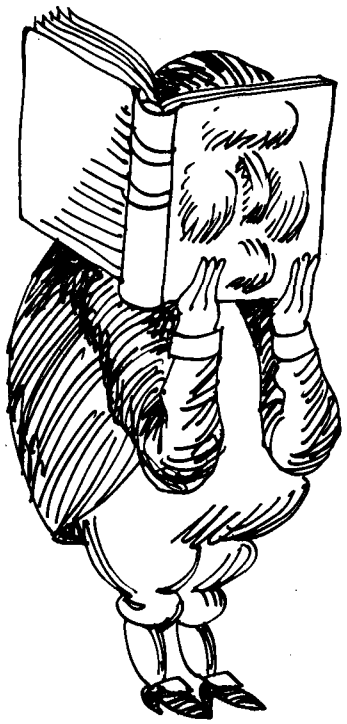

Blacklisting Poets

IN THE MECCA. *By Gwendolyn Brooks. Harper and Row. New York, 1968. 54 pp. $4.95*

NO ONE PRETENDS ANYMORE — despite the street renaissance of the Beats and Beatles, Bob Dylan and the Flower Children — that poetry can have any genuine popularity. Poetry in our time has become a cult art practiced and appreciated mainly in the academy, and its estrangement from the average educated man is now so complete that Randall Jarrell did not exaggerate much when he called the poet "a condemned man for whom the State will not even buy breakfast." But for some poets, the public dereliction goes even deeper—about the depth, as a matter of fact, of skin color.

Poet-critic Louis Simpson recently discovered, after reading the new collection of black poetry, *I Am The Darker Brother,* that there are Negro poets plainly superior to "the white poets who are much anthologized." Yet he also admits that until he picked up the book for review, he had "never read half the poets in it." This is understandable; there is almost nowhere he *could* have read them. The college paperback market of casebook studies abounds with second-string white writers, but you will thumb the pages in vain for a black name. The apartheid is yet more stinging in anthologies of American verse, which have of late become the quasi-official social registers for the status of poet.

Mr. Simpson explains all this by saying that there has not been a conspiracy to keep the black man out of poetry in America; there has been, rather, an indifference to him. This kind of distinction may seem clear sighted from a university office window, but on the ground it is merely gibberish and about as useful as saying that West Oakland's ghetto exists because of indifference, not design. Sooner or later we are going to have to act on the knowledge that wrongdoing in

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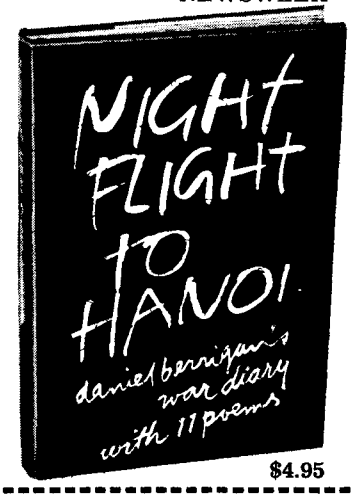

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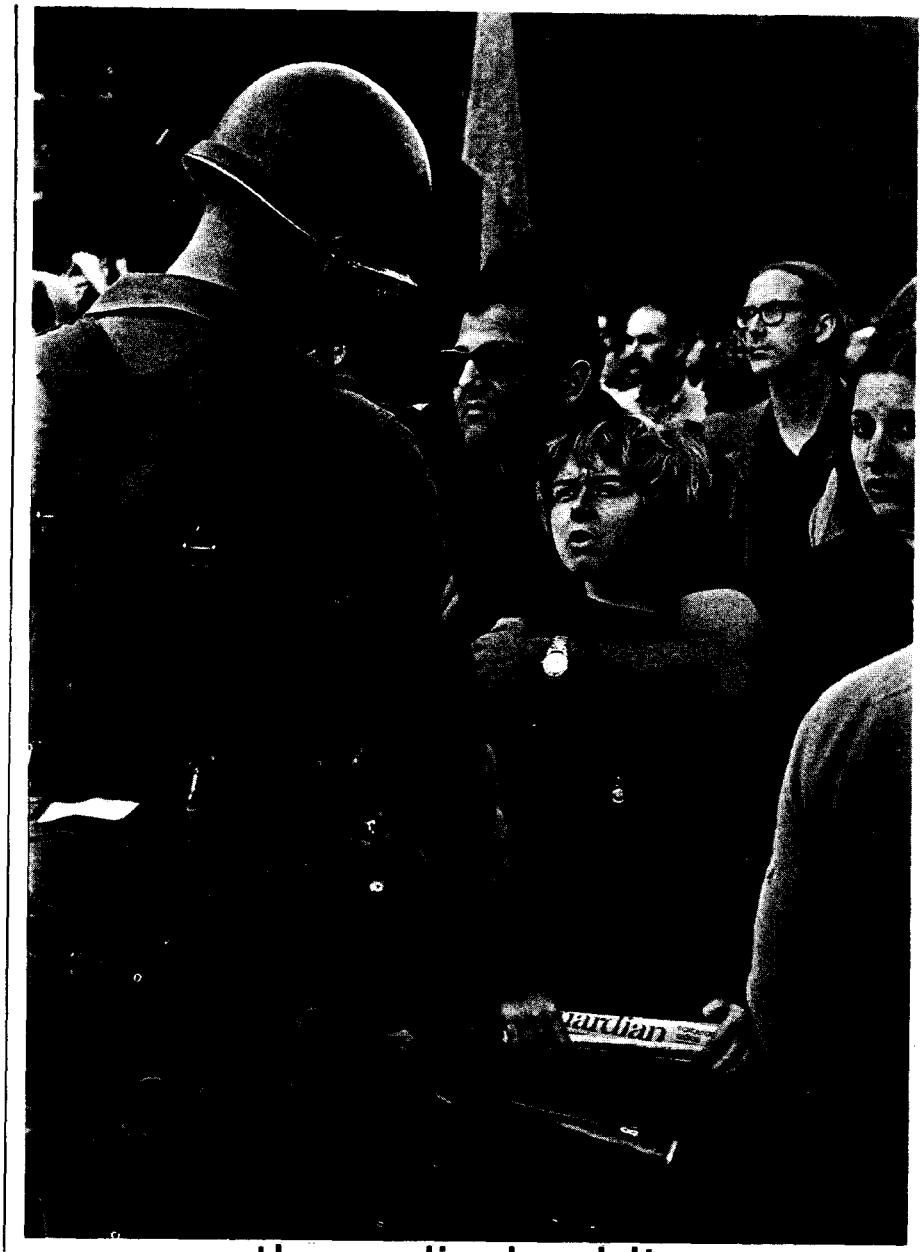
the arts is as real as wrongdoing in our social structure. In point of fact, nothing but the racism our media bosses and curriculum-makers are now scurrying to correct at this twelfth hour has prevented even those who know what a poem is from reading Paul Vesey, Robert Hayden, Langston Hughes, and most emphatically, Gwendolyn Brooks.

One cannot help but dwell on this inequity in light of Gwendolyn Brooks' new collection of poems, *In The Mecca.* No white poet of her quality is so undervalued, so unpardonably unread. She ought to be widely appreciated, at least as one of our most remarkable woman poets—certainly as important as the much made-of Leonie Adams, Elizabeth Bishop or Denise Levertov—and possibly as an artist of higher caliber.

In The Mecca is Brooks' best collection since *A Street in Bronzeville.* Elegant and stringent, it asks more of itself than her *Annie Allen,* which won a Pulitzer Prize in 1950 (and which guaranteed her about as much lasting attention as the Academy Award did Jane Darwell). None of her surest qualities has diminished; she still, as Phyllis McGinley said, induces "almost unbearable excitement" through her uniquely detached compassion.

Auden said pleasure is not an infallible critical guide, but it is nonetheless the *least* fallible. And the poems of Miss Brooks give that outmoded, quenching pleasure that can make you read her again in place of poets you think more clever and ambitious. It is difficult these days to say simply that she moves the affections, stirs the heart. Instead, we use "scientific" language like "psychic tension" and "restored equilibrium." In an age when poetry is plunged into a cryptic absorption with the Self, the large and simple emotions which Miss Brooks arouses seem almost beside the point. But they are still the means of implicating us in our own humanity, and this she does brilliantly. The most obvious reason is that she writes about people. It may not be alarmingly apparent yet, but most contemporary poets cannot do this. Regrettably, modern poetry as it exists in the official anthologies does not typically touch the workaday vein of human sympathy.

But to say this much may imply a kind of swooning tenderheartedness that does not exist in Gwendolyn Brooks' poems. She is very tough indeed, and to say that she finds at the core of a specific destitution the ordinary humanness common to all men does not mean she sells out. The ill-chosen selections



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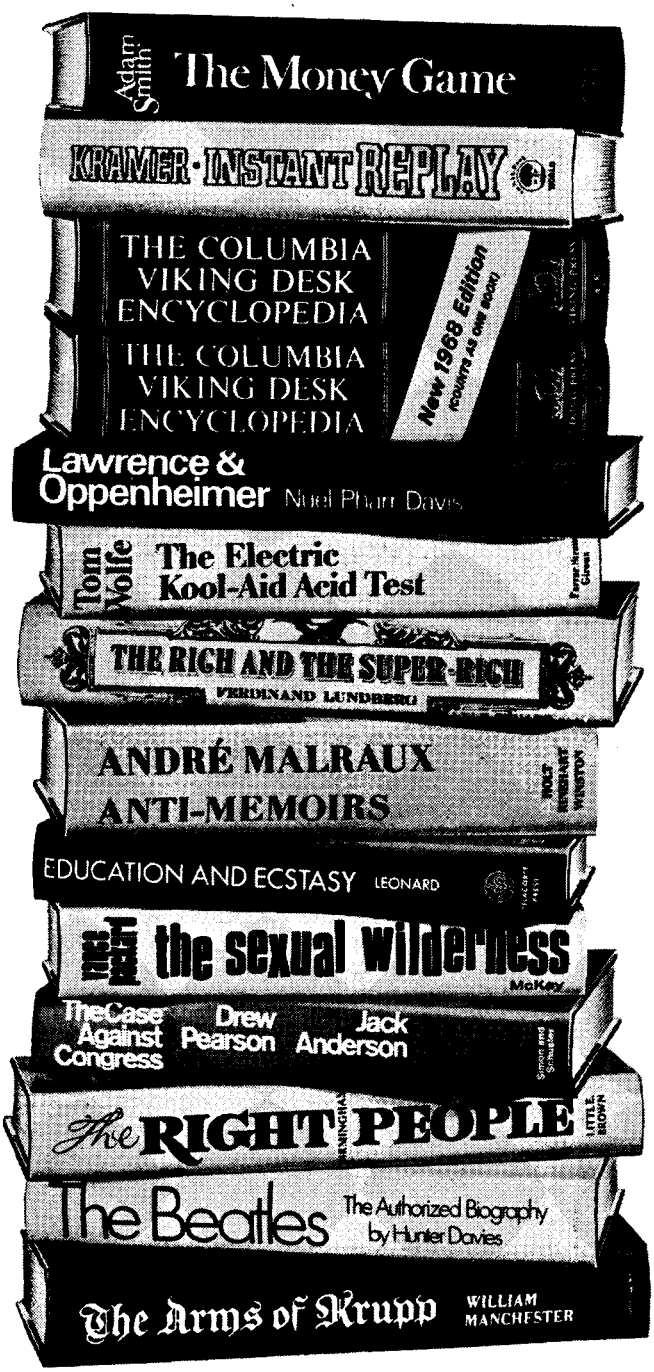

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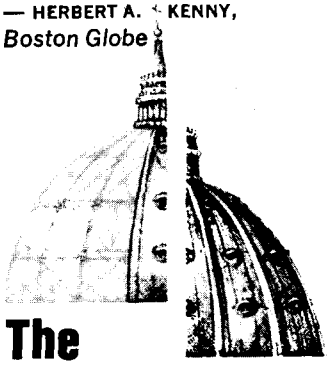

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from her work which appear in the few black anthologies do not suggest the fierce truth she has written about madams, whores, haters, broken children, fathers driven to murder, the solemn hungers and hellish silences of the ghetto. But her toughness goes further. It takes courage to claw up out of the self those costly insights most of us — black or white — spend our lives avoiding. It takes even greater courage to shape them into art.

It is her restraint which enables Miss Brooks to put a living character before you. She has written, for instance, the only successful poem on abortion I've read ("The Mother"). Its power as a poem is that it's neither tendentiously nor mawkishly "about" destruction of foetal life; rather, it is "about" a woman whose bare recollection of waste is also the measure of her life:

Abortions will not let you forget.
You remember the children you got
that you did not get,
The damp small sulps with a little or
with no hair,
The singers and workers that never
handled the air.
You will never neglect or beat
Them, or silence or buy with a sweet.

Her "Sundays of Satin-Legs Smith" (of the major poems that rank below the best few, surely one of the most potent and skillfuly wrought of our time, but one that has appeared in no major anthology) takes us through the desolate, vibrant Sunday of a stud. In its patience with the ignorance of the white, it is as severe and uncompromising as the savage revolutionary vision of LeRoi Jones. Another early poem, "Negro Hero," written before the end of World War II, recreates in one Dorie Miller's mind the dizzying, scathing ambivalence of what it means to become a black hero by saving the lives of your white enemies.

Miss Brooks has real range, but she writes mostly about the ghetto, the strident street of the '60s in which violence—that is to say, murder—has become our society's way of demonstrating how it feels about itself. The long title poem of *In The Mecca* sets the brutal slaying of a child against the vast, indifferent misery of others trapped in Mayor Daley's slums. She does not excoriate; she simply observes, with quiet and merciless accuracy. If anything, her subject matter has become more "public" since the '40s, the irony more edged. This new book has some sharply beautiful poems on the Blackstone Rangers, on civil rights leaders from H. Rap Brown to Martin Luther King, and a memorial to Medgar Evers, who "annoyed confetti and assorted/brands of businessmen's eyes."

But it is impossible through skimpy quotation to evoke the sinewy, tensile impact of her lines, for they achieve their effect in an essentially dramatic whole. She does not write what Dylan Thomas called "knock-me-down" lines, but she has one of the finest ears in contemporary verse. One can think of few poets who have so gracefully wrung out of the slow pacings of ordinary speech the intensity of authentic poetry. She keeps the inner ear alive in the plainest and fewest words, and I can imagine a poet like Roethke prizing this from *In The Mecca:*

Mary is
a rose in a whiskey glass.

For me this annealed balance of simplicity and sophistication is unique. It may have misled Miss Brooks' readers as it did those of a spiritual ancestor, Emily Dickinson. Like her, Gwendolyn Brooks sometimes walks on the edge of the ruefully sentimental, the merely womanish, but she gains a rich tension from not losing her footing, as in this marvelously complete lyric, "Old Mary":

My last defense
Is the present tense.

It little hurts me now to know
I shall not go

Cathedral-hunting in Spain
Nor cherrying in Michigan or Maine.

We speak of writers achieving "universality," but I'm not sure we understand very clearly what this term means. I'm certain that reviewers don't when they say—speaking of black authors—that so-and-so has "transcended" his Negritude, as if he had climbed out of his skin into a sacrosanct social club, assimilating white standards the way a ghetto dweller might put on a business suit. If "universality" has any meaning as applied to writers, it is that an experience—while being true to itself—must also be large enough to allow our entire humanity to enter it.

The excellence of Gwendolyn Brooks is that she is able to tell it like it is while speaking to the basic humanness in us. The loveliest poem in her book does just this. It is an austere, plain elegy to Malcolm X:

He had the hawk-man's eyes.
We gasped. We saw the maleness.
The maleness raking out and making
guttural the air
and pushing us to walls.

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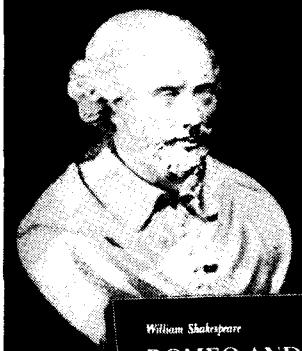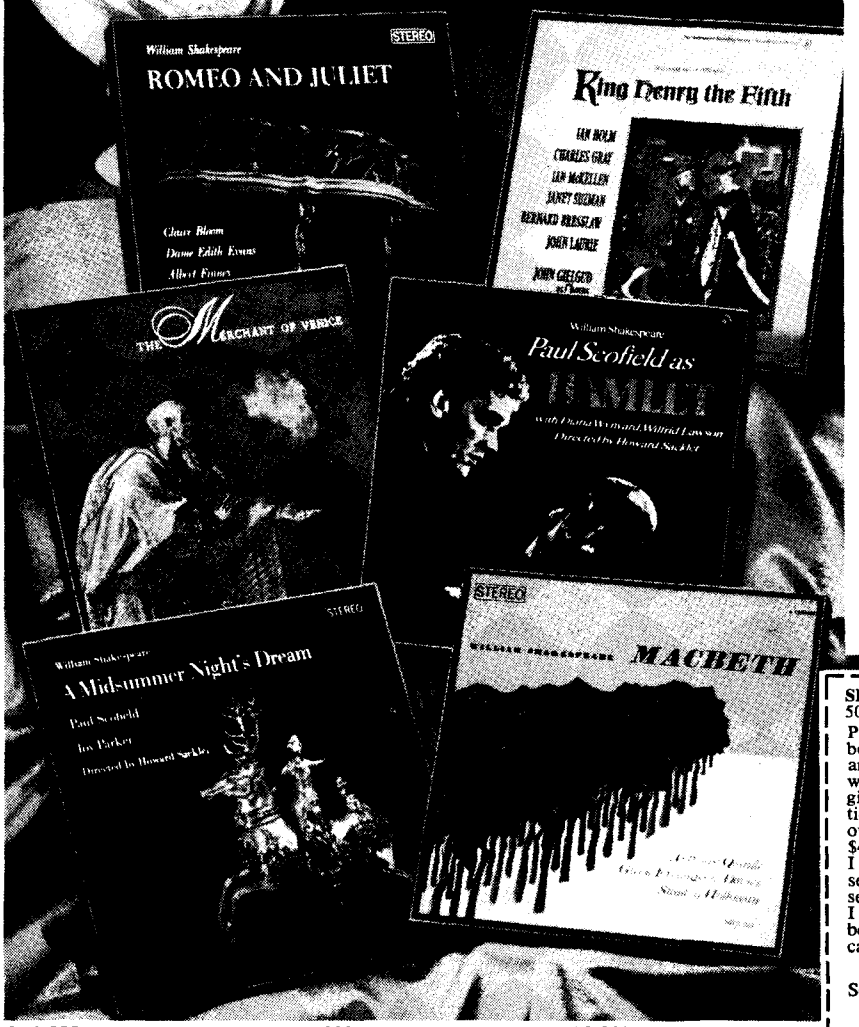

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And in a soft and fundamental hour
a sorcery devout and vertical
beguiled the world.

He opened us—
who was a key,

who was a man.

—JAMES N. JOHNSON

Small Worlds

MOSBY'S MEMOIRS AND OTHER STORIES. *By Saul Bellow. Viking Press. New York, 1968. 184 pp. $5.00.*

SENSIBILITY, AS SAUL BELLOW sees it, can easily replace mere events. And sensibility, refined until only the most febrile emotions remain accessible to our inspection, has now become his sole concern. Everywhere retentive, he has retained his hold on fiction not by making it a panorama of action, but by forcing it into company with the most narrow of human situations: minor jealousies, humiliations, the exhaustions which harry small men. There it fitfully rests.

Mailer and Bellow. The one a huge and wily spendthrift upon whom final judgment will someday be passed by a judge whose preposterous character will match his own—W. C. Fields, perhaps. The other a man of greater wisdom and more solid books, but a man ridden by tics, shrew-lipped, keeping close tabs on his nicely-exercised talent. Mailer and Bellow, it would appear, now share the American novel between them. Mailer commits himself, with quixotic zest and no small intellectual lassitude, to whatever new extravaganza the passing scene presents. No good novels have lately come of this. Bellow remains secluded in his disgusts, his learning (which is notable), his long look at bourgeois human frailty. And strange books come of him.

Herzog, after all, is not so much a step forward in the novelistic tradition as it is a mournful complaint sustained to novelistic length. Herzog suffers and tells us so; when suffering, he sees a certain kind of beauty and we can see it too. But when the suffering subsides at last, so does the book. The victim, tired of his letters, even tired of himself, shuffles away from his anguish. Upon such fragile stuff a novel has a hard time living.

And Bellow's new book, *Mosby's Memoirs and Other Stories,* reveals how limited the terms in which his fiction is written can be. That is, Bellow has cut the whole business down to something simple: he has remembered how to hate. Mailer jollies the world, paws at it and taunts its mean spectacle. Bellow, on the other hand, would prefer to have none of it; he wrote *Herzog* hating Valentine Gersbach and all that Gersbach might possibly stand for. Now, despising Mosby and turning his scorn on people like the poor American innocent who, in one story, prowls Spain in search of lost manuscripts of no worth, Bellow lets his anger be fueled once again.

The most impressive story in the collection, the one written most recently, concerns Willis Mosby—late of the State Department, late of Princeton, and now bringing together his poisonous energies in order to write his memoirs and to justify his every human betrayal and small-minded cruelty. Mosby represents the patrician nastiness which now and again reaches perfection in this country in persons such as George Kennan or Walt Rostow.

Mosby is Valentine Gersbach revisited, but a Gersbach given the Ivy League, a Rhodes Scholarship, a Guggenheim, the endowments of established success, an evil life. Bellow is unremitting in his attention to that life. At every turn, Mosby is shown gathering successes while an old acquaintance, the poor sad-eyed Lustgarten, takes another step down into failure. Lustgarten, like Tommy Wilhelm in Bellow's *Seize the Day,* is destined for failure. Mosby is marked for success. Lustgarten, after all, weeps and is open, loves a woman from Montclair Teachers College and has no head for business. He is a fool, an average man. Mosby, who knew Julian Huxley and spoke with Levi-Strauss, is a bastard. Relishing the opportunity, he takes Lustgarten's girl to bed; savoring the amusing possibilities, he introduces Lustgarten into his memoirs for comic relief.

A simple tension. But between two such men, Bellow sees the world open up. And that world is rank. Not rank because its politics are bad, or its racial antagonisms intense, or its homosexuals mistreated. Bellow has no thesis, no particular argument to deliver about American life. It is enough for him to feel that it has gone sour, to dwell as author among the deplorable citizens of the land and then to move along.

These excursions into the evil and the vulgar draw from Bellow his style—that much-discussed style which is sometimes haughty and full of ice and sometimes close to the low lives of the men whom he has selected to describe. One is

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always conscious, in reading Bellow, of how superior he is to that which takes up his time. His fiction is dense with fools, with losers, with the vacantly arrogant and the kooky. He always remains sure in his knowledge of where, exactly, he can employ the demonic style and where the aloof. The mixture of mimicry and detachment provides him with a continually clear, good shot at his target. He never let Gersbach out of his sight; now Mosby is the one who cannot escape.

Bellow's prose has thus been made a form of realism which can largely dispense with the external world; it turns upon, and is given rich texture by, the private animus of his mind. The prose becomes, at end, a weapon designed to keep free and open the distance he has worked to provide between himself and the world he has long since junked. Ultimately it becomes his best instrument in the prolonged psychic conflict he sees as the only appropriate relationship between the writing man and the much-corrupted world. The novelist becomes sulky and antagonistic, a clever warrior and martyr. In bad hands—in the hands, for example, of Phillip Roth or Bruce Jay Friedman—the silly personal oddities and quirks are all too present.

But Bellow's followers are a reflection not simply of where, over the years, he has taken the novel and how he has attempted to give it life; they are also reflections of how thinly-nourished the novel of modern feeling has become. Mailer, sensing the anemia of the entire business, writes something not-fiction and his assorted foolishnesses have the single virtue of being based on a completely good guess. Bellow, stiff and square in comparison, does not acknowledge the anemia. It is questionable, however, if the strategy of pure scorn can long resist the enfeeblements with which the novel is now forced to live. —WILLIAM CHACE

SEXOLOGY

Understanding Orgasm

TIRESIAS, WHO HAD BEEN both man and woman, was asked, as Ovid's legend goes, to mediate in a dispute between Jove and Juno as to which sex got more pleasure from lovemaking. Tiresias unhesitatingly answered that women did. Yet in the intervening 2000 years between Ovid's time and our own, a mythology has been built up which not only holds the opposite to be true, but has made this belief an unswerving ideology dictating the quality of relations between the sexes. Women's sexuality, defined by men to benefit men, has been downgraded and perverted, repressed and channeled, denied and abused until women themselves, thoroughly convinced of their sexual inferiority to men, would probably be dumbfounded to learn that there is scientific proof that Tiresias was indeed right.

The myth was codified by Freud as much as anyone else. In *Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality*, Freud formulated his basic ideas concerning feminine sexuality: for little girls, the leading erogenous zone in their bodies is the clitoris; in order for the transition to womanhood to be successful, the clitoris must abandon its sexual primacy to the vagina; women in whom this transition has not been complete remain clitorally-oriented, or "sexually anaesthetic," and "psychosexually immature." In the context of Freud's total psychoanalytic view of women—that they are not whole human beings but mutilated males who long all their lives for a penis and must struggle to reconcile themselves to its lack—the requirement of a transfer of erotic sensation from clitoris to vagina

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became a prima facie case for their inevitable sexual inferiority. In Freud's logic, those who struggle to become what they are not must be inferior to that to which they aspire.

Freud himself admitted near the end of his life that his knowledge of women was inadequate. "If you want to know more about femininity, you must interrogate your own experience, or turn to the poets, or wait until science can give you more profound and more coherent information," he said; he also hoped the female psychoanalysts who followed him would be able to find out more. But the post-Freudians adhered rigidly to the doctrine of the master, and, as with most of his work, what Freud hoped would be taken as a thesis for future study became instead a kind of canon law.

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(Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 3S, United States Code)

1. DATE OF FILING: October 11, 1968
2. TITLE OF PUBLICATION: RAMPARTS 3. FREQUENCY OF ISSUE: BI-WEEKLY
4. LOCATION OF KNOWN OFFICE OF PUBLICATION (Street, city, county, state, ZIP code)
495 Beach Street, San Francisco, California 94133
5. *LOCATION OF THE HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL BUSINESS OFFICES OF THE PUBLISHERS* (Not printers)
Same
6. NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF PUBLISHER, EDITOR, AND MANAGING EDITOR
PUBLISHER (Name and address) Frederick C. Mitchell, 495 Beach, San Francisco, California 94133
EDITOR (Name and address) Warren Hinckle III, 495 Beach, San Francisco, California 94133
MANAGING EDITOR (Name and address) Robert Scheer, 495 Beach, San Francisco, California 94133
7. OWNER (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual must be given.) Twelve other stockholders hold small percent of total common stock.

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B. PAID CIRCULATION		
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E. TOTAL DISTRIBUTION (Sum of C and D)	183,229	165,056
F. OFFICE USE, LEFT-OVER, UNACCOUNTED, SPOILED AFTER PRINTING	83,038	90,944
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While the neo-Freudians haggled over the correct reading of the Freudian bible, watered-down Freudianism was wending its way into the cultural mythology via Broadway plays, novels, popular magazines, social scientists, marriage counselors and experts of various kinds who found it useful in projecting desired images of woman. The superiority of the vaginal over the clitoral orgasm was particularly useful as a theory, since it provided a convenient basis for categorization: clitoral women were deemed immature, neurotic, bitchy and masculine; women who had vaginal orgasms were maternal, feminine, mature and normal. Though frigidity should *technically be defined as total inability* to achieve orgasm, the orthodox Freudians (and pseudo-Freudians) preferred to define it as inability to achieve vaginal orgasm, by which definition, in 1944, Edmond Bergler adjudged between 70 and 80 per cent of all women frigid. The clitoral vs. vaginal debate raged hot and heavy among the sexologists—Kinsey's writings stressed the importance of the clitoris to female orgasm and contradicted Bergler's statistics — but it became clear that there was something indispensable to society in the Freudian view which allowed it to remain unchalleged in the public consciousness.

In 1966, Dr. William H. Masters and Mrs. Virginia E. Johnson published *Human Sexual Response*, a massive clinical study of the physiology of sex. Briefly and simply, the Masters and Johnson conclusions about the female orgasm, based on observation of and interviews with 487 women, were these:

1) That the dichotomy of vaginal and clitoral orgasms is entirely false. Anatomically, all orgasms are centered in the clitoris, whether they result from direct manual pressure applied to the clitoris, indirect pressure resulting from the thrusting of penis during intercourse, or generalized sexual stimulation of other erogenous zones like the breasts.

2) That women are naturally multi-orgasmic; that is, if a woman is immediately stimulated following orgasm, she is likely to experience several orgasms in rapid succession. This is not an exceptional occurrence, but one of which most women are capable.

3) That while women's orgasms do not vary in kind, they vary in intensity. The most intense orgasms experienced by the research subjects were by masturbatory manual stimulation, followed in intensity by manual stimulation by the partner; the least intense orgasms were experienced during intercourse.

4) That there is an "infinite variety

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in female sexual response" as regards intensity and duration of orgasms.

To anyone acquainted with the body of existing knowledge of feminine sexuality, the Masters and Johnson findings were truly revolutionary and liberating in the extent to which they demolished the established myths. Yet two years after the study was published, it seems hardly to have made any impact at all. Certainly it is not for lack of information that the myths persist; *Human Sexual Response,* despite its weighty scientific language, was an immediate best seller, and popular paperbacks explicated it to millions of people in simpler language and at a cheaper price. The myths remain because a male-dominated American culture has a vested interest in their continuance.

Before Masters and Johnson, men defined feminine sexuality in a way as favorable to themselves as possible. If woman's pleasure was obtained through the vagina, then she was totally dependent on the man's erect penis to achieve orgasm; she would receive her satisfaction only as a concomitant of man's seeking his. With the clitoral orgasm, woman's sexual pleasure was independent of the male's, and she could seek her satisfaction as aggressively as the man sought his, a prospect which didn't appeal to too many men. The definition of feminine sexuality as normally vaginal, in other words, was a part of keeping women down, of making them sexually as well as economically, socially and politically subservient.

In retrospect, particularly with the additional perspective of our own times, Freud's theory of feminine sexuality appears an historical rationalization for the realities of Victorian society. A prisoner of the Victorian ethos, Freud had to play the paterfamilias. Freud's analysis implied that woman's low status had not been conferred upon her by men, but by God, who created her without a penis.

The superiority of the vaginal orgasm seems almost a demoniac determination on Freud's part to complete the Victorians' repression of feminine eroticism, to stigmatize the remaining vestiges of pleasure felt by women and thus make them unacceptable to the women themselves. For there were still women whose sexuality hadn't been completely destroyed, as evidenced by one Dr. Isaac Brown Baker, a surgeon who performed numerous clitoridectomies on women to prevent the sexual excitement which, he was convinced, caused "insanities," "catalepsy," "hysteria," "epilepsy" and other diseases. The Victorians needed to re-

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press sexuality for the success of Western industrialized society; in particular, the total repression of woman's sexuality was crucial to ensure her subjugation. So the Victorians honored only that aspect of sexuality which was necessary to the survival of the species—the male ejaculation; made women submissive to sex by creating a mystique of the sanctity of motherhood; and, supported by Freud, passed on to us the heritage of the double standard.

When Kinsey laid to rest the part of the double standard that maintained women got no pleasure at all from sex, everyone cried out that there was a sexual revolution afoot. But such talk, as usual, was deceptive. Morality, outside the marriage bed, remained the same, and children were socialized as though Kinsey had never described what they would be like when they grew up. Boys were taught that they should get their sex where they could find it, "go as far" as they could. On the old assumption that women were asexual creatures, girls were taught that since they needed sex less than boys did, it was up to them to impose sexual restraints. In whatever sex education adolescents did manage to receive, they were told that men had penises and women vaginas; the existence of the clitoris was not mentioned, and *pleasure* in sex was never discussed at all.

Adolescent boys growing up begging for sexual crumbs from girls frightened for their "reputations"—a situation that remains unchanged to this day—hardly constitutes the vanguard of a sexual revolution. However, the marriage manual craze that followed Kinsey assumed that a lifetime of psychological destruction could, with the aid of a little booklet, be abandoned after marriage, and that husband and wife should be able to make sure that the wife was not robbed of her sexual birthright to orgasm, just so long as it was *vaginal* (though the marriage manuals did rather reluctantly admit that since the clitoris was the most sexually sensitive organ in the female body, a little clitoral stimulation was in order), and so long as their orgasms were *simultaneous*.

The effect of the marriage manuals of course ran counter to their ostensible purpose. Under the guise of frankness and sexual liberation, they dictated prudery and restraint. Sex was made so mechanized, detached and intellectual that it was robbed of its sensuality. Man became a spectator of his own sexual experience. And the marriage manuals put new pressure on women. The swing was from repression to preoccupation with the orgasm. Men took the marriage manuals to mean that their sexuality would be enhanced by bringing women to orgasm and, again co-opting feminine sexuality for their own ends, they put pressure on women to perform. The marriage manuals' endorsement of the desirability of vaginal orgasm insured that women would be asked not only, "Did you come?" but also, "Did you conform to Freud's conception of a psychosexually mature woman, and thereby validate my masculinity?"

Appearances notwithstanding, the age-old taboos against conversation about personal sexual experience haven't yet been broken down. This reticence has allowed the mind-manipulators of the media to create myths of sexual supermen and superwomen. So the bed becomes a competitive arena, where men and women measure themselves against these mythical rivals, while simultaneously trying to live up to the ecstasies promised them by the marriage manuals and the fantasies of the media ("If the earth doesn't move for me, I must be missing something"). Our society has made sex a sport, with its record-breakers, its judges, its rules and its spectators.

As anthropologists have shown, woman's sexual response is culturally conditioned; historically, women defer to whatever model of their sexuality is offered them by men. So the sad thing for women is that they have participated in the destruction of their own eroticism. Women have helped make the vaginal orgasm into a status symbol in a male-dictated system of values. A woman would now perceive her preference for clitoral orgasm as a "secret shame," ignominious in the eyes of other women as well as those of men. This internalization can be seen in literature: Mary McCarthy and Doris Lessing's writings on orgasm do not differ substantially from Ernest Hemingway's, and Simone de Beauvior, in *The Second Sex,* refers to vaginal orgasm as the only "normal satisfaction."

One factor that has made this possible is that female sexuality is subtle and delicate, conditioned as much by the emotions as by physiology and sociology. Masters and Johnson proved that the orgasm experienced during intercourse, the misnamed vaginal orgasm, did not differ *anatomically* from the clitoral orgasm. But this should not be seen as their most significent contribution to the sexual emancipation of women. A difference remains in the *subjective* experience of orgasm during intercourse and orgasm apart from intercourse. In the complex of emotional factors affecting feminine sexuality, there is a whole panoply of pleasures: the pleasure of being penetrated and filled by a man, the pleasure of sexual communication, the pleasure of affording a man his orgasm, the erotic pleasure that exists even when sex is not terminated by orgasmic release. Masters and Johnson's real contribution was to show this "infinite variety in female sexual response"; that one experience is not better than another, but merely different.

There is no doubt that Masters and Johnson were fully aware of the implications of their study to the sexual liberation of women. As they wrote, "With orgasmic physiology established, the human female now has an undeniable opportunity to develop realistically her own sexual response levels." Two years later this statement seems naive and entirely too optimistic. Certainly the sexual problems of our society will never be solved until there is real and unfeigned equality between men and women. This idea is usually misconstrued: sexual liberation for women is

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wrongly understood to mean that women will adopt all the forms of masculine sexuality. As in the whole issue of women's liberation, that's really not the point. Women don't aspire to imitate the mistakes of men in sexual matters, to view sexual experiences as conquest and ego-enhancement, to use other people to serve their own ends. But if the Masters and Johnson material is allowed to filter into the public consciousness, hopefully to replace the enshrined Freudian myths, then woman at long last will be allowed to take the first step toward her emancipation: to define and enjoy the forms of her own sexuality. —SUSAN LYDON

CINEMA

Documenting the Ghetto

MUCH HAS BEEN WRITTEN to explain why whites cannot comprehend black America. Aside from the distinct possibility that they may not be listening hard enough, at least part of the problem is that what black America is saying, what it wants and aspires to, is filtered through the distorting gauze of the mass media. All too often, journalists seeking the opinions and reactions of black people go only to those who have been accredited as the "recognized" black leaders — the NAACP and Urban League officials, the local ministers and members of the black bourgeoisie. These are the people who speak white America's language, but their mission is to comfort and reassure, rather than to inform.

Rarely does what Black Panther Bobby Seale calls "the brother off the block" have a chance to be heard. This makes David Weiss' powerful documentary, "No Vietnamese Ever Called Me Nigger" — the title of which is taken from a picket sign carried by blacks on peace marches — all the more unique. Weiss, an independent white filmmaker, took his cameras to Harlem during the April 1967 Spring Mobilization, and instead of concentrating on the antiwar marchers, he allowed black bystanders and three black Viet-Nam veterans to talk candidly and spontaneously about the war in Viet-Nam and life in black America.

At a time when Roy Wilkins and Whitney Young were condemning Martin Luther King Jr. for speaking out against the war, Weiss' film shows that many of the people sitting on Harlem's tenement steps and lounging in ghetto doorways were keenly aware that the government was pouring billions of dollars into Viet-Nam while the black communities in the U.S. were decaying. Few were disturbed by Bayard Rustin's charges that King was unwise to try to unite the civil rights and antiwar movements, for they had already seen that black soldiers were bearing the brunt of the casualties "fighting for freedom" in Viet-Nam and then coming back to an America that was far from free.

In one particularly effective scene, filmed in front of a Lenox Avenue bar, Weiss focuses on a man wearing a funny little hat and dark glasses, who is dancing by himself to music coming out of the bar. As he begins to talk about the war, still popping his fingers and swaying from side to side, other people drift outside, offer their own opinions, argue among themselves and comment on the march. It is obvious that they have strong opinions about Viet-Nam and life in Harlem. It is also obvious that few people have ever asked them for those views.

The spontaneity of the scene contrasts sharply with the stilted interviews one often sees on TV. "Listen man,"

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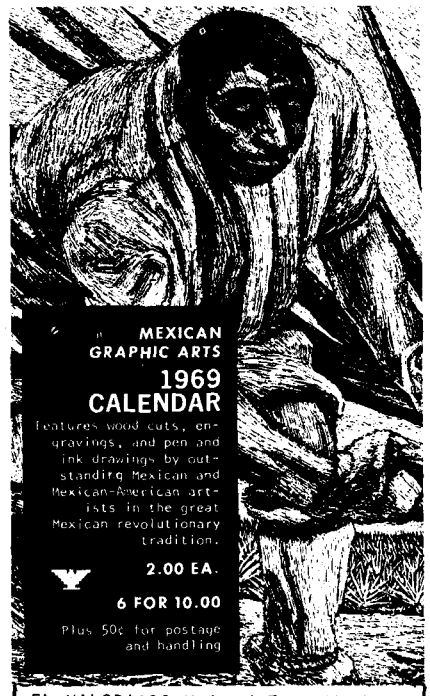
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Published twice monthly

VOLUME 7, NO. 9 DEC. 14-27, 1968

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San Francisco, California 94133
Telephone: 415-441-4151

Cable Address:
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Indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature

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someone remarks, "I've been living in Harlem all my life, and all we've got up here is rats, religion and roaches." Another person comments, "What the hell is the government doing, saying they're fighting for freedom over in Viet-Nam when we ain't even got our freedom right here? It don't make sense."

Two middle-aged women talk on a street corner. "That's what I'm saying," one says. "The black soldier and the white soldier come back home and both of 'em go ask about an apartment in some building downtown. You know damn well the white man's gonna get it and the black man isn't, so what the hell is the black soldier fighting for?" Another woman is questioned on her way to the store. "Sure they [the marchers] are doing a good thing. This war ain't no damn good, no matter how you want to look at it." "Why aren't you marching then?" the interviewer asks. "Don't you worry," she replies. "I'm gonna march. I'll be marching later on!"

The most powerful moments in "No Vietnamese Ever Called Me Nigger" are the lengthy monologues by three black Viet-Nam veterans whose comments are interspersed between the scenes in the streets. Each of the men has been disenchanted by his experience in Viet-Nam, and especially by the racist society to which he has returned.

Dalton James describes how he was trained as an air traffic controller. He was enthusiastic about the job because he thought he would like to do the same type of work in civilian life. In Viet-Nam, however, he was assigned first as an officers' chauffeur and later as a helicopter gunner. Finally he confronted his commanding officer: "Is it because I'm black that you won't assign me to the job I've been trained for?" The answer was a reassignment to even more menial duties in the jungles of the Mekong Delta. "After that," James recalls, "I just said 'Fuck it.'" He was also turned off by the GIs' total contempt for the Vietnamese. "They used to call them 'slopes' or 'gooks' just like they'd call us 'niggers' back home."

Preston Lay describes how he was refused service in a Georgia restaurant while wearing his Army uniform. "From then on," he recalls bitterly, "that uniform didn't mean a goddamn thing to me." He was trained as an aircraft mechanic in the Army, but when he returned home, he couldn't find a job in that field at any of New York's major airports. He wound up working on an assembly line, taking home $49 a week. He remembers what black people have suffered in the past and says, "When the shooting starts in our community, I won't be wearing any National Guard fatigue uniform. If they think we won't use what we've learned in the military to defend ourselves, they're crazy."

The most moving comments come from Achmed Lorence, a young Marine Corps veteran. While in Viet-Nam he began to see a parallel between the situations of the Vietnamese and the black people in the U.S. He describes how an old South Vietnamese woman spent close to an hour begging him for a carton of C-rations. "I began to realize that this woman could have been my grandmother. I could see her as my grandmother very easily. I gave her a couple of cartons of C-rations. My buddies were pretty pissed off because it was their food I was giving away." Lorence also began to realize that the white Marines would be returning to a different America than he would. "I was sitting around talking about home, talking about sitting in the kitchen and listening to the rats. The other guys were amazed that I lived in a place with rats in it. They'd never heard of anything like that. To the black soldiers, though, rats and roaches were very familiar things. I soon realized that the white guys would be going back to their clean homes in California somewhere, and I'd be returning here . . .

"You know, sometimes I think they're crazy. How can they believe that we'll just come back to this same old shit and not do anything about it? We're just not going to take it any more. My father took it because he had to, but we don't!

"Do you really think they're going to put some of that money they've been wasting in Viet-Nam into our communities when the war is over? Are you kidding? They'd rather spend it on sending a man to the moon."

It is unfortunate that the Hollywood-oriented San Francisco Film Festival chose to schedule "No Vietnamese Ever Called Me Nigger" for 11 a.m. on a Tuesday morning, thereby guaranteeing it minimal attendance. Considering the many films of dubious quality the festival showed, and considering the fact that Weiss' documentary had already won a first prize at the Mannheim Film Festival in Germany, the festival could have done better by it.

Evidently it was felt that such candor from blacks would be too upsetting to the "beautiful people" and society types who comprise a good part of the festival audience. —ART GOLDBERG

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CORRESPONDENCE

LANGUAGE OF THE STREET

SIRS: Your printing of vulgarity in your article, "Selections from the Biography of Huey P. Newton" [RAMPARTS, October 26 & November 7, 1968], is inexcusable. You succeed in offending me and any people I would normally recommend to your publication for its merits.

Any reason (repeat *any* reason) you may have for using the language of the gutter and attempting to ennoble it just doesn't pass muster.

MARTIN L. ROTH
Springfield, New Jersey

LOSERS IN RETROSPECT

SIRS: While I read with much interest your comments concerning my own role at the Democratic National Convention in your September 28th issue, I feel that some of the account concerning the Pennsylvania delegation calls for a fuller explanation. In particular I regret the fact that the article seems to convey the impression that Congressman William Green is a "boss," with the unfavorable connotations that word implies.

The fact is that Congressman Green was the only member of the Pennsylvania delegation in a leadership position to endorse the candidacy of Senator Robert F. Kennedy at the first crucial caucus of the Pennsylvania delegation in Harrisburg last May. At the time, Congressman Green specifically took exception to the tactics being used by the leadership and led the floor fight to keep the delegation uncommitted until the primaries were over and the Kennedy and McCarthy supporters had an opportunity to speak at the polls. I admired that initiative and was happy to join him during that caucus. At the convention, he voted for the minority plank on Viet-Nam. He voted to abolish the unit rule and also supported the minority recommendation on the Texas delegation.

Finally, I question the implication that Congressman Green would be an "undemocratic" (with a small "d") leader. I have had occasion to watch closely his development as Democratic city chairman in Philadelphia and, as a former mayor of that city and one intimately concerned with the future of my party, I think he should be commended for his efforts to open the party doors to reform-minded Democrats. In fact, last April, he was the first Democratic leader in the history of Philadelphia to adopt open primaries as official policy on the local level.

Upon closer examination, I believe you will find that you have, perhaps unknowingly, underestimated a young man who represents the direction in which I would like to see the Democratic Party grow.

JOSEPH S. CLARK
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

SIRS: Your virtuoso performance in September 28's issue ["The Decline and Fall of the Democratic Party"] is mind-bending, all 20,000 words of it.

In a year marked in the States by political poxes, assassinations, political suicides and assorted muggings of the New Left, it's at least comforting to see the calamities documented with intelligence and style.

Now about those "Trudeau?" bumperstickers. . . .

GARY DUNFORD
Toronto Star Ltd.
Toronto, Canada

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

SIRS: In his special report on "The Economic Factors Behind the Russian Invasion" [RAMPARTS, October 26, 1968], Robert Fitch claims that the

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*TRADEMARK

Czech economy was "deformed" by the Russians after World War II to become a leading producer of heavy industrial goods, and he compares this relationship to that of Britain and her colonies.

The difference, however, is that raw materials went from the Soviet Union to Czechoslovakia, while heavy industrial products went in the reverse direction. As Fitch admits subsequently, all of these goods were valued at world market prices so that the terms of trade favored the Czechs.

Fitch is close to the mark on one thing: "The primary purpose of the newly introduced market mechanism was to liberate the Czech economy from the USSR." More precisely, the Czechs had wearied of being subject to the Soviet socialist "law of evening out economic development," both as applied to their own domestic development and within the socialist world. In other words, the more advanced Bohemian and Moravian regions tired of bringing up the level of the Slovaks, while the Czechs as a whole resented holding back their own development to assist the less developed socialist and neutralist countries, especially the United Arab Republic.

The Czechs hoped that by retooling their factories they might be able to sell in Western markets. It is generally assumed by the Czechs and the countries of the Third World that if only they had a higher quality product, the Western economies would open their markets to foreign goods. Unfortunately, the Western nations have reached the stage where they are beginning to wonder whether they can afford even to buy high quality industrial goods from each other; hence the proliferation of informal quotas to keep out foreign products and to maintain domestic employment.

The inability of the Czechs and other Eastern European countries to sell in the West is not due so much to their "noncompetitive" products (which could surely be made attractive at *some* price) as it is to the basic inability of the advanced capitalist system to engage in reciprocal trade or to absorb industrial products generally.

LYNN TURGESON
Associate Professor of Economics
Hofstra University
Hempstead, L. I., New York

SOCIAL CANCER

SIRS: Pete Hamill, at the end of his report on the Wallace campaign ["Travels With the Right," RAMPARTS, October 26, 1968], drew a conclusion which all but nullified the feeling he was trying to get across. Here is a quote:

"The only problem, of course, is that the masses, those cabdrivers, beauticians, steelworkers, ironworkers and construction men so beautifully romanticized by generations of dreamy socialists, are really an ugly bunch of people. If the campaign of George Wallace has its ugly and racist aspects, it is because George Wallace is the creation of the people."

A reporter who has been exposed directly to the reactionary fervor of the Wallace camp might be granted a moment of disgust, outrage and weariness. He should not, however, blame the American people for having created the social cancer which is now feasting on them. In so doing, Hamill has given new life to the philistine mode of thought which his article proposes to decry.

This mode of thought, the product of a quaint Christianity well mixed with Rousseauism, expounds the self-sufficiency of the "individual," denies the existence of any true good in society, and hence finds repugnant the idea of sympathetic cooperation between men. On it, America was naively founded; to it must be laid the responsibility for the phenomenal fear and hatred of one another which Americans show.

It would serve no purpose to cavil with Pete Hamill's unwary maledictions. If cabdrivers, beauticians, steelworkers, ironworkers and construction men—that is, the masses—are "ugly and racist," then people themselves are ugly and racist. Such a viewpoint is deeply nihilistic. Nihilism, anarchy and fascism are the three pretty daughters of capitalist society.

The American people are *victims* of ugliness and racism. They do feel the repressiveness of the society that has been foisted on them. Why else would they grasp at straws, even when the straws are offered by the hand of George Wallace? He stirs the juice of reform in them; he is able to do so because now more than ever Americans are hungry for revolution. But under Wallace, as under Hitler, the juice would be exploited and poisoned afterward.

In blaming the people for having brought on their own cancer, Pete Hamill is doing precisely what the exploiters of the American people want him to do: furthering the spread of hatred, mistrust and above all social disorganization.

Is the American Left doing its job?

RODNEY NELSON
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